New Republic

JANUARY 31, 1949

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HOLLYWOOD

?

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by dramatizing, interpreting and further advancing the Fair Deal of President Truman one day after his State of the Union message. See what Jack Kroll of PAC writes

CIO POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE

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JACK KROLL · Director
DAVID J. McDONALD · Secretary-Treasurer

January 6, 1949

Mr. Michael Straight, Editor
New Republic
40 East 49th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mike:

I have just read your special supplement, "State of the Union."

I think it does a magnificent job of providing the hard core of truth and fact upon which the program of the liberal forces in America must be based. Too often we have tended to think in generalities and vague terms and, in reaching for the stars, have tripped over our own garden gate.

You and the New Republic are to be congratulated for marking the path to the goal as well as the goal itself.

The New Republic, I have discovered in the number of years that I have read it, has done an outstanding job in leading the forces of liberalism in our country along the path of progress. It is, I think, meeting admirably the need of the plain people of our country for facts and information on which to base their thinking and in substituting solid information for windy argument.

I would urge that it continue to follow this policy, that it constantly should strive to make clear, not only to the intellectual brass but to the working man and woman in the shops and on the farms, the reasons which impel us of the liberal faith to urge the course we do. The more successful it is in this job the greater its contribution to the functioning of our democracy will be.

My best personal wishes.

Sincerely,

Jack Kroll

JACK KROLL
Director

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE FLAGS ARE DOWN from Pennsylvania Avenue lamp posts. The merry hammer is heard demolishing the Greek-temple inaugural platform. The oath has been administered by Chief Justice Vinson, and now all we have to do is live with Our Harry for the next four years. They should be lively years judging by Truman's recent utterances.

The State of the Union speech described the "Fair Deal," which points toward a social-welfare state and amounts to the most leftward-leaning program ever sent by an American President to Congress. It even contained a threat to put the government into the steel business. The six-pound, 1,600-page Budget told how Truman planned to finance this program with $4 billion in new taxes and a practical balance between necessities and ideals. Perhaps the most significant feature for world peace was the $15 billion limitation proposed for the armed services (who are yelling for $23 billion) and the cutting of Air Force projects down to 48 groups.

The Economic Report was mildly phrased but reflected in every sentence the basic postulate that the government is committed to balancing the national economy and is responsible from now on for underwriting prosperity.

The inaugural address proposed a major goal of foreign policy: raising the living standards of half the world's people in the "misery-countries" by exporting US technological aid and private capital under a controlled program. Although this latter proposal was expressed pretty vaguely, it alarmed Senator Taft right away. Taken together, these four Truman statements amount to a massive and impressive program. We have four years now to see whether performance matches promise.

On Inauguration Day we sat under a cloudless blue sky beside a young woman who was trying to type a running account with gloved hands on a Hermes portable. The January wind held the flags out straight and went blithely through the leafless plaza trees and our topcoat and underwear. Merry winter sunlight without any infra-red rays glittered on the golden tubas of the Marine Band, playing a quickstep. Several acres of us sat huddled together in common misery, like a football crowd not permitted to thrash its arms. It even missed its cue to applaud Truman when he finally appeared on the portico above.

The girl beside us tried to type something about Margaret Truman's red dress, and we made mental notes on the decay of top hats. We gloomily watched the wind roll our pencil off the pine-board table and noted that during prayers even Justices Vinson and Reed had to remove the black skull caps which are now standard Emily Post outdoor wear for judges. It was Benjamin Harrison who couldn't stand the rigors of his inaugural and succumbed a month later. "Benjamin Harrison," we found our teeth chattering, "here we come."

It was at about this point that our manhood asserted itself and the scene began to get hold of us. It was the ancient, absurd statuary of the Capitol that did it. On one side was a weather-beaten marble of Columbus holding up a globe which a naked female Indian was trying to get. On the other side was a settler disarming a ferocious chief, tomahawk in hand. We remembered seeing a photograph of Lincoln's Second Inaugural taken here. Yes, those same outrageous pieces which Mark Twain called "the delirium tremens of art" were already on this spot when Old Abe pledged a program "with malice toward none,

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with charity for all." Finally, the crowd gave up trying to applaud with gloved hands and started stamping approval on the raw lumber. This gave off a lovely roll and warmed the feet.

The dope here is that the reopening early in February of negotiations with Russia in London over the long-deferred Austrian peace treaty may be the real test of whether the so-called "Soviet peace offensive" means anything. The French Communist leader Cachin, the French Communist official organ *Cahiers du Communisme* (which foreshadowed Earl Browder's deposition) and the Italian Communist leader Togliatti are all arguing that East-West collaboration is possible. It hardly seems likely they would be saying this without authorization.

Truman said what he thought about Communism pretty bluntly in his inaugural address, and the Administration's attitude is now "Wait and see." The stumbling block over Austria has hitherto been the broad Russian interpretation of "war booty" by which the Soviets claimed practically everything in sight. If Austria is released now, she will almost certainly gravitate to the Western powers. Despite the recent sharp words, there has been a noticeable relaxing of tension. Austria may tell how far this condition will go.

Notes. A Palestine settlement mutually agreeable to London and Washington seems on the way. . . . Truman conspicuously snubbed Governor Thurmond in the inaugural parade, averting his glance as Thurmond passed the reviewing stand. . . . The Kennecott Copper strike is the worst in the nation today: a third of America's copper production has been tied up for three months over a wage-classification dispute affecting 311 railway brotherhood firemen and enginemen. . . . The GOP National Committee will seek harmony this week in Omaha in its first post-election meeting. Four ultra-conservative Senators, Wherry, Capehart, Butler and Brewster, have been invited—no progressives; the committee still can't hear the clock tick.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 5, ISSUE 1873, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 31, 1949 **New Republic**

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S GLOBAL PLANS

THE PRESIDENT'S inaugural address, which may prove the most significant public statement of his whole career, contained two chief subjects. They must be discussed separately before they are discussed together.

The plan for aid to the backward nations of the world is a proposal magnificent in purpose and breathtaking in scope, the sort of thing Franklin Roosevelt would have loved and to which he certainly would have turned eventually had not the clouds of war begun to gather. We are able to reveal that the inspiration for the plan came from a group of New Dealers in the Administration and notably from two of them in the Department of the Interior—Oscar Chapman, Undersecretary, and Arthur Goldschmidt, special assistant to the Secretary. The latter has been one of the chief members of the committee which has been arranging a United Nations conference to be held in the United States this summer dealing with conservation and utilization of resources—land, water, forests, fish, wildlife, minerals, fuels and energy—many of the problems the President has in mind.

What sort of aid is needed, and how much would it cost? It is too early to spell out the answers to these questions, but some points can be made. The President stressed the use of American scientists and technicians to give advice and help get programs under way; the cost of aid on such a scale is insignificant compared with the benefits attained. Neither intellectual nor material assistance, of course, must come from the United States alone. Great Britain and Western Europe can help, especially after the Marshall Plan is fully effective. The backward and colonial areas need relief from poverty, ignorance, disease and hunger. They can use experts in medicine, sanitation, industry, nutrition, agriculture, soil erosion, hydroelectricity. They need such things as roads, railways, industrial equipment, petroleum, cotton, rice, wheat. Some colonies, obviously, need drastic changes in the blood-sucking policies of the European countries which rule them.

Can the United Nations help? The President spoke of using the UN "as far as practicable," a phrase which might mean much or nothing. Already, various UN organizations are being asked to send commissions of experts in a number of fields to various backward parts of the world, and some of these requests are being met on a limited scale. It is doubtful, however, whether the 81st Congress would vote large sums to be turned over to the UN and spent by it. A further problem is presented by Russia, which is a member of most of the UN agencies that might dispense such funds and would certainly veto or otherwise hamper expenditures she felt were intended to be part of the cold war.

Can we afford it? A reasonable guess is that such a program might cost in the neighborhood of $2 billion annually. While this is less than one percent of our national income, it must be considered in the light of our commitments under the Marshall Plan, the rearmament program and the North Atlantic pact. America's resources, as of any given point in time, are strictly limited by what we can produce and can spare out of that production. As a people, we have had a bad habit of promising more than we can deliver, and sometimes more than we intend to deliver.

During the Second World War, Allied grand strategy was to win the war in Europe first and in Asia second. In Marshall Plan aid to reconstruction, we have been following much the same course. President Truman's term of office will come to an end in 1952, and in theory the European Recovery Program will do the same. But it is notorious that the Marshall Plan countries are lagging far behind schedule and making little real effort to meet the target date. Some of them accept the Communist nonsense that the plan is a device to get rid of surpluses hanging over the American market and avoid a depression, and that therefore the United States dare not stop its aid four years hence. Some think that they can blackmail this country indefinitely because of the cold war.

Are they right? The other half of the President's inaugural speech throws much light on this question. If he is to be taken literally as meaning what he says, then the outlook is dark indeed. His remarks about the Communist philosophy and what America proposes to do about it appear to call this country to a holy crusade against Russia and her satellites which could have no conclusion except war.

This is the more tragic because genuine aid to the backward parts of the world is incompatible with con-

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tinuance of even the cold war. The extension of democratic principles is equally incompatible; on the contrary, in pursuit of our containment of Russia we have made friends with every other dictatorship everywhere —with Chiang, Peron, Franco—if it was only willing to be, or to say it is, anti-Communist. When we went into Greece under the Truman Doctrine we wrote magnificent plans for reconstruction along the very lines the President now has in mind. These plans have come to nothing; Greece sinks from one level of corruption and incompetence to another, and we do nothing about it, since the corrupt leaders are our allies against Moscow and its friends.

There are a dozen other places, notably in Asia, where the pattern of Greece could be repeated. For an example take what is probably the most dangerous single thing that has happened since the end of the war —Indonesia. The Dutch have crushed the Indonesian Republic, hardly bothering even to utter the customary trumped-up charge that it was Communistic, and we have connived because we need the Netherlands in Europe as part of the cold war. The consequences of our policy are shown in the New Delhi Conference of 19 Asiatic and African nations which have voted a virtual ultimatum to the West.

Or if we want another example of the unhappy fruits of our policy, we may look at China. There, the hundreds of millions of dollars we poured out to help Chiang did him more harm than good, as they helped to identify him in the eyes of the Chinese masses with the imperialism of the West.

President Truman was reëlected three months ago as a liberal and by liberals. It is up to them to make sure that the plans for aid to the backward areas do not die in some cubbyhole, that they are not made a mere symbol of hostility to Russia and, above all, that we do not go from the cold war into a situation where a shooting war becomes inevitable.

THE WEEK

PURIFICATION RITE

The Democrats deserve a hand for gameness. They are willing to try to reform the House Un-American Activities Committee. To abolish it would be nicer, but not politically possible, so the party leadership has made a beginning by purging two members, establishing new qualifications for membership, and making plans to revise rules of procedure.

The two members removed were John E. Rankin of Mississippi and F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana. Rankin was deprived of his witch-hunting prerogatives on the ground that his chairmanship of the Veterans' Committee was enough for one Representative, and Hebert was eased out under a new policy of confining committee membership to lawyers. The committee, which functioned like a grand jury during the 80th Congress, had only two members with legal experience.

Another Southerner, John S. Wood of Georgia, succeeded to the chairmanship through the lawyers-only rule. Second to him will be Francis E. Walter (Penn.). Walter has stated emphatically that the rules of the old Thomas committee need thorough revision but, like Burr P. Harrison (Va.), third-ranking Democrat on the committee, he voted for the Mundt-Nixon bill and for increasing the committee's funds last session.

The Republicans are left in a quandary with their ace, J. Parnell Thomas (N. J.), awaiting trial on charges of defrauding his government. They decided to ignore the lawyers-only rule. "After all," said their leader, Joseph W. Martin (Mass.), "lawyers have no monopoly on patriotism, ability or performance."

NEW FACES IN CONGRESS

Since the late Senator George W. Norris was defeated six years ago, Nebraska has been without any liberal voice in its congressional delegation. That condition may be improved by a 65-year-old criminal lawyer, Eugene D. O'Sullivan of Omaha, who defeated a three-termer, Representative Howard Buffett.

O'Sullivan is a big, bald man, unintimidated by the fact that he is the only Nebraska Democrat in Congress. He has fought long political odds all his life. He was a follower of William Jennings Bryan and his brother Charlie. He spoke out for the New Deal even after Nebraska's Democratic Committeeman Arthur F. Mullen had broken with FDR over New Deal social reforms. His campaigns for Governor and Senator were unsuccessful, but the record of Buffett gave him an ideal campaign target.

Buffett voted for the T-H bill; O'Sullivan promised repeal. Buffett accused organized labor of driving the US toward socialism; O'Sullivan favors raising minimum wages from 40 to 75 cents an hour. Buffett was for the Hope-Aiken sliding scale of farm-price supports; O'Sullivan wants flat 90-percent parity support. Buffett called the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill "communistic"; O'Sullivan is on record for a "poor man's housing law."

Only on the subject of ERP are O'Sullivan's views open to doubt, but he is not expected to follow the isolationism of his Nebraska congressional colleagues.

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LIBERALS AND THE COMMUNIST TRIAL

Has the United States Government the legal and moral right to try twelve leading American Communists, as it is doing in the case now in progress in New York City?

"Yes," says Morris Ernst, outstanding liberal lawyer, member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union, famous for decades for his unceasing fight for the right of all points of view to be presented fully and fairly in the marketplace of ideas.

"No," says Roger Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, equally famous because of his lifelong fight for the preservation of the principles of Anglo-Saxon justice and freedom of thought and expression.

In the interest of informing its readers, the New Republic *has obtained from these two men statements of their views on this highly important question.*

MORRIS ERNST'S VIEW

I BELIEVE it is legitimate for the government to try the Communist leaders under the sedition clauses of the Smith Act of 1940. I make no comment on the question whether they are guilty or innocent. What I do say is that the Smith Act, under which the Communists are being tried, as applied to secret conspiracy leading toward illegal acts, is in accordance with American principles, and that the evil which it seeks to combat is a serious one.

Let me say at once that I believe Communists have a right to advocate publicly the overthrow of the United States. I further believe they even have the right to say publicly that if all else failed, they would advocate the ultimate use of violence to change the form of our government. I would be willing to aid in the defense of Communists who were being tried for making public statements of this sort.

But we are confronted today with a situation where arguments about public statements have no relevance. The question is one, not of public statements but of secret acts, in the course of a secret conspiracy, which might never become public until it was too late, until democracy no longer had time or the chance to defend itself.

The shibboleth of liberals in cases which involve, or seem to involve, free speech, is Justice Holmes's famous dictum that the rights of the individual must not be impaired until there is "a clear and present danger" to the government. Let me ask you: At what time was there a "clear and present danger" from Quisling in Norway until he came to power? When was there "a clear and present danger" before the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia? There was no such time. No case in American history has ever demonstrated to my satisfaction that there was any "clear and present danger" to our government.

I prefer to the Holmes doctrine that of Justice Brandeis, who said the overriding question is whether, in the given situation, society has a chance to counteract what is being done, has the opportunity to protect itself. If there is a public debate, society certainly has that chance. But the essence of plotting for a revolutionary coup is its secrecy. If the end to be obtained is illegal, and the means are secret, the acts of individuals and groups should be prevented by law whether the size of their effort is large or small.

Bank robbers use speech, and other means of communication, when they are planning to hold up a bank. But the police do not worry about their rights of free speech, or stand aside and wait for "a clear and present danger" until the robbers have entered the lobby of the bank and begun shooting. The police try to stop the conspiracy at the earliest possible moment.

If we don't act now to prevent secret conspiracy looking toward an illegal coup, which is the complete antithesis of the process of the democratic vote, we are in some danger of having laws enacted which really do interfere with the First Amendment and curtail freedom of speech. Any such law would be contrary to sound public policy and should be held unconstitutional, just as I would consider the Smith Act unconstitutional if it were applied to public debate.

It is part of our national mores that you should not pick on anybody smaller than you are; and social psychologists have noticed how often we apply this principle in places where it has no validity. The doctrine of "clear and present danger" says in effect: those who want to destroy our institutions should be permitted to keep on trying until they are almost strong enough to succeed.

Stated in this way, it of course sounds ridiculous, and it is ridiculous for another reason—because it belongs to the eighteenth century rather than the twentieth. Open, public speech is always the weapon of the little guy; whatever is secret is by that very fact already big enough to be taken seriously.

Justice Holmes's doctrine assumes that a secret coup succeeds or fails by a mere count of noses; that in order to win you must have half, or nearly half, the total population on your side. But today we live in a world of such close and intricate technology that under certain circumstances a very small minority may take over a country, by capturing such things as our storehouse of atomic bombs, the radio stations, the long-distance telephone lines, a few airfields.

Roger Baldwin says that we should not attempt to apply the Smith Act to the Communist leaders lest we drive them underground. Without prejudging the case, let me say that the indictment is based on the assumption that they are underground now, that the visible activities of the party are

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only that part of the iceberg above the surface, intended chiefly for camouflage. If the Communists were clearly above ground, I would agree with Baldwin—and so would the government, and there would be no case.

ROGER BALDWIN'S VIEW

MY FRIEND and colleague, Morris Ernst, raises a novel point, but it is hard to see what it has to do with the present trial of the twelve Communist leaders.

They are not being tried for a secret conspiracy. They are being tried for openly advocating the Communist program and objectives. Even if they were tried for secret advocacies, the doctrine that secret utterances which may have an illegal object are in themselves criminal establishes a concept unknown in American law. While the Civil Liberties Union adheres to its settled position that only a "clear and present danger" of unlawful acts justifies prosecution, it is giving Ernst's proposal a thorough examination.

The government's indictment in the current case makes precisely the sort of charges which Ernst says should be resisted. There is no indication yet that a secret conspiracy, apart from the vociferous Communist propaganda, is involved. The indictment alleges conspiracy to "teach and advocate" "the Marxist-Leninist principles of the overthrow and destruction of the government of the United States by force and violence." There is no allegation of secrecy. There is no allegation of overt act. The prosecution rests solely on the utterances and publications of the Communist Party.

It has always been American public policy—and this has been embodied in many court decisions—that no language, publication or propaganda should be punished unless it constitutes, in Justice Holmes's language quoted above, a clear and present danger of unlawful acts. The Supreme Court has held that there must be great danger and the prospect of immediate action to justify penalties which infringe freedom of speech and press. Nothing in the indictment suggests any such danger.

If the government knows of secret conspiratorial acts by the Communists, why did it not indict them for such acts? It could have done so, for example, under the General Conspiracy Statute, instead of the questionable Smith Act, which has been condemned in principle by such an authority on free speech as Professor Zechariah Chafee of Harvard University.

Many people believe, and there seems to be compelling evidence, that the American Communist Party is under the control of the Russian government, either directly or through a third group such as the Communist Party of France. If the US Government has evidence to support this charge, why does it not indict the Communists for failing to register as the agents of a foreign principal?

I hope I don't need to say, at this late date, that the American Civil Liberties Union has no sympathy with Communism, or with any other totalitarian doctrine. We would not oppose a federal indictment based upon overt acts by the Communists tending toward the violent overthrow of the government. But we do oppose action by any governmental body in this country which seeks to punish people for their beliefs and the mere expression of their beliefs. We opposed the application of the Smith Act against the Minnesota Trotskyites, at a time when the Communist Party was gleefully supporting that prosecution. We also opposed its only other use, the trial of alleged pro-Nazis in the District of Columbia.

There are some who would say that certain ideas are so dangerous, so abhorrent, that the effort to spread them must be suppressed even though no connection with overt acts is shown. (This, of course, is not Morris Ernst's view.) Such a notion seems to me dangerous in the extreme. Powerful influences will always tend to say that unpopular ideas are of this character and that advocating them is an illegal conspiracy.

As for a distinction between what is private, or secret, and what is public, here, too, we enter a shadowland where clear-cut applications of Morris Ernst's principle are difficult. In the first place, "private" is not the same as "secret." All sorts of discussions are held by all sorts of people which are private without being secret. The top groups in many organizations discuss problems tentatively without wishing these views made known generally. But that is not illegal. The attempt to decide what is actually private or secret and what is public is too difficult to be entrusted to run-of-the-mill public officials. There has never been a Supreme Court ruling on the question of secret v. public debate.

In spite of Morris Ernst's novel principle, the only fair acid test I can conceive would continue to be the "clear and present danger." Ideas alone should not be punished as incitements in the absence of acts or the immediate danger of them. As Holmes once said: "Every idea is an incitement."

Nor is Ernst's parallel with Quisling in Norway an apt one. Quisling was guilty of the overt acts of aiding a foreign power to seize and govern his country. He didn't just talk about what he might do, at some future time, like the Communists; he did it.

The only safe rule is not to prohibit utterances or publications dealing with public questions unless they are, first, direct incitements to unlawful acts shown to have been either attempted or actually committed, or, second, advocacies of actions which immediately threaten great danger.

If there is any evidence that the Communists now on trial have engaged in such activities, the indictment does not say so and the case appears to rest on the dangerously shaky ground of making long-tolerated propaganda criminal. A conviction would in effect outlaw the Communist Party, and drive it underground, a result I am sure Morris Ernst does not desire and one which the recent debate over the Mundt-Nixon bill in Congress shows the country does not desire.

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

The Union of South Africa was fortunate for many years in having Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts as its Prime Minister. For Smuts is more than a soldier and a statesman. He is a philosopher closely linked with a cosmic theory called holism which considers the existence of wholes a fundamental feature of the world, and looks upon these wholes as more than the sum total of the parts of which they are made.

The Union's good fortune came to an end last spring when Smuts was displaced by men interested in political division rather than philosophical fusion. In a general election, a coalition of the Afrikaaner and Nationalist Parties won a majority of five seats in the House of Assembly. A cabinet headed by Dr. Daniel F. Malan came to power; and out of the political bush came the pro-Nazi totalitarian-type organization Ossewa Brandwag (Sentinels of the Ox-Wagon) whose closest approach to a cosmic theory is *apartheid,* a home-grown Nazi racialism.

True to type, the Malan government began its activities by taking steps suggesting that South Africa had been on the wrong side in World War II. It released from prison a number of pro-Nazi South Africans who had been found guilty of wartime treason and sabotage. It put a stop to the sale of Nazi property and held up the deportation of 240 German Nazis who had been judged to be "dangerous aliens." It took steps to free from internment camps and to enfranchise some 5,000 Nazi extremists.

Harry Dix does the drawings which are a regular feature of "Outside America."

Next, the government showed that it liked Nazi theories as well as Nazis themselves. The Minister of Native Affairs, Dr. E. G. Jansen, went all out for an extreme form of Jim Crowism. Henceforth, he said, only those native Africans needed for factory work would be allowed in the towns; others would be kept out by force, and new labor bureaus would allocate native African labor "to the best advantage of the country." To back up this policy of semi-slave labor, the Minister of Labor, B. J. Schoeman, stopped the training of native artisans because, he explained, natives shouldn't be allowed to compete with whites. Moreover, he refused to recognize native trade unions and banned those with mixed membership. Finally, he withdrew an invitation to the International Labor Office to send a mission to study the shocking conditions among migrant native workers.

Dr. Malan's Jim Crowism was also made to apply to the Indians living in the Union, a small minority compared with the large number of native Africans. They were denied the right to vote; the government's excuse was that the Indians had forfeited their suffrage by appealing to India and the UN against the hardships to which they were subjected. When the UN took up the Indian minority problem, Malan said this was "interference in South Africa's internal affairs." When the UN was adopting a Declaration of Human Rights, South Africa's delegate, E. H. Louw, refused to go along, explaining that his government wouldn't dream of approving a guarantee of equality of human rights without race and color distinctions. When the UN tried to put under its trusteeship South-West Africa, a League of Nations mandated territory, South Africa paid no attention, and integrated the area into the Union.

For well over six months this high-handedness went on. Naturally, the native Africans didn't like what was being done to them. Equally naturally, there wasn't much they could do about it except seethe inwardly; the Nazi-type government didn't confine itself to words—it acted to keep the natives in "their place." The Indians also were suffering from the Jim Crowism, and they too were helpless. After a while, these two victim populations—the great mass of the native Africans and the small minority of Indians—began to snarl at each other. Each subject group, unable to hit at its real victimizers, took out its spleen on the other victimized group.

Then Malan started working toward the complete disfranchisement of all non-Europeans in Cape Province, the only area of the Union where they had a limiting voting privilege. Under the Constitution of the Union such a step needed the sanction of a two-thirds vote both in the Senate and in the House; Malan said the Union was now a sovereign nation, and—regardless of the Constitution—could do it by a simple majority in the House. The subject peoples understood what this meant: there no longer was even a trace of legal protection for them, since Malan was using a majority of five votes to tear up the Constitution Smuts had always respected.

Tension among the non-whites was rising steadily. The Indians, having lost all sense of security, tried to compensate by making money as quickly and ruthlessly as they could; many of them were tradesmen, and to tradesmen in the lowest brackets money seemed strength (as some German Jews thought in the early 1930's). The native Africans, boiling with rage against their white oppressors, took the path of least resistance and struck in a direction where no danger seemed to lie: against the Indians.

On January 5, the South African Native Representative Council met in Pretoria to consider the dangerous situation. There are both natives and whites on this council. One of its spokesmen, Professor Z. K. Matthews, said: "We have been charged with the statutory duty of advising the government on political matters and have

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found our advice ignored again and again." Dr. Alfred Xuma, president of the African National Congress, dared to speak even more plainly; it was obvious, he said, that the Malan government wanted to abolish the council, hence to exclude Africans completely from political life.

A wave of bitterness swept through the masses of the natives, most of them Bantus and Zulus, proud peoples with great military traditions. Agitators worked among them (not all native either), pointing out that the Indians at least *did* have some share in the country's *economic* life.

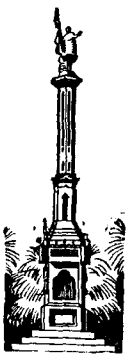
Eight days later the explosion came. It started at Durban and spread throughout the Union as a rumor got around that an Indian had assaulted and killed a native boy. Bursting with the need to attack, to hit—to hit anyone, any way—the natives hurled themselves against the Indians. More than 100 were killed, more than 1,000 injured.

US newspaper dispatches from South Africa said that the South African whites had nothing to do with the rioting and killing, that it was entirely a quarrel between two non-white sections of the population. That was all there was to it—that was the *whole* story. But as in Smuts's doctrine of holism, in this case the whole was greater than the sum of the parts.

★

Spain sent out many travelers into the dangerous unknown in the year 1492. There was Christopher Columbus, who went with the blessings of Ferdinand and Isabella, and there were some 160,000 Jews, who went with the imprecations of the Inquisition's Tomas Torquemada. Columbus discovered a new world. And the Jews in their unhappy houses of refuge in Greece, Turkey, Egypt and North Africa kept alive memories of the beloved old world from which they had been expelled. For more than four centuries the communities of Sephardic Jews along the shores of the Mediterranean were profoundly Spanish in language, culture and spirit.

Francisco Franco has now decided that some of the descendants of the expelled Jews can return to Spain from Greece and Egypt if they show that they love Spain and are "worthy of such mercy." Such a word as mercy comes oddly from the Caudillo, who in his way is a spiritual descendant of the Grand Inquisitor Torquemada. Perhaps the explanation of the "generosity" lies in a Colombian quarter; perhaps Franco has discovered that a *beau geste*—the admission of a few "selected" Jews—would make good practical politics. How can a man who is "good" to Jews be considered a Fascist?



★

The Sardinians are individualists and fighters. When they haven't been fighting the *stranieri*—Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Pisans, Aragonese and Italians—they have been feuding among themselves on the rocky crags of their Tyrrhenian island. A personal duel is the court of last resort among them, even for disputes about religion and politics. And out of their long experience with violence they've refined a curious modern variety of duel—a formal ritual with precise Duca di Cagliari rules.

A parish hall in Cagliari was recently the scene of such a duel. Words were used instead of stilettos. The antagonists were a priest and a senator —Father Riccardo Lombardi, a Jesuit whose lectures have made him the most popular cleric in Italy, and Senator Velio Spano, former editor of the official Communist *Unita.* The judges were 10 Catholics and 10 Communists. The duelists fought to decide "Which is best for humanity—Christianity or Communism?"

All over Sardinia the islanders listened as the verbal slashes and jabs were carried by radio to crowds in village squares and groups in mountain fastnesses. By the rules, the duelists must embrace at the end of the encounter; the priest and the senator obeyed, knowing that to refuse would be to lose by default. By the same rules, the judges' decision is final; the verdict was a draw—10 to 10. And, later, Milan's anti-Communist *Corriere della Sera* said it was Father Lombardi all the way, and Rome's *Unita* was sure Senator Spano had won every point.

Of course, the Sardinians paid no attention to these "foreign" comments. And the tough ones in the mountains blamed the fiasco on the new-fangled rules; they said it would have to be settled the old way—without the rules and with few words.

★

At Strasbourg, on the hither side of the Rhine, nearly 1,600 years ago Latin Europe and Teuton Europe hurled themselves against each other in the first of what was to be an interminable series of clashes: in the year 357 the Roman Emperor defeated the warlike Alamanni. It was at Strasbourg 500 years later that a warriors' pact made a brief respite in the Furor Teutonicus: in the year 842 Charles the Bold and Louis the German exchanged their famous oaths. For centuries the town was Merovingian, for other centuries it was Swabian, and in modern times the French and Germans have kept on taking it away from each other.

Hugh Dalton, an English statesman bearing a medieval title—Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—has suggested that Strasbourg be made the capital of the European Federation Committee, an organization that seeks to close the ancient breaches in Europe's unity. Delegates from Latin Europe—Frenchmen and Belgians—agreed to submit the proposal to their governments. Strasbourg as United Europe's capital would symbolize the Rhine as a link between Latin and Teuton, rather than as a bloody barrier. And in Strasbourg both Frenchmen and Germans could together eat *pâté de foie gras*, a German delicacy with a French name. P.W.

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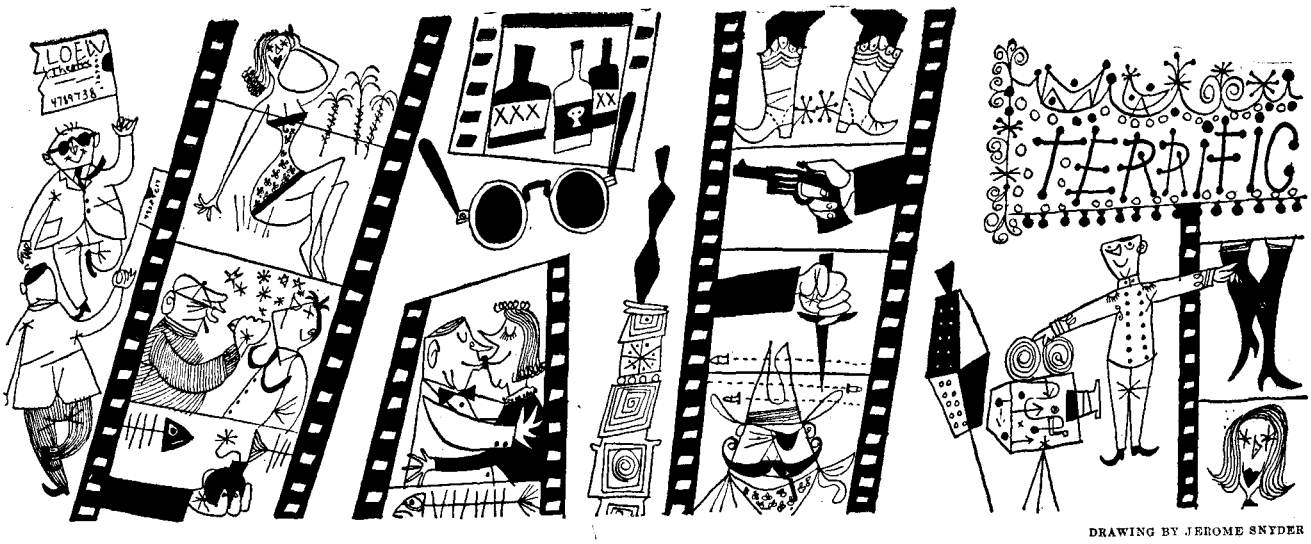

DRAWING BY JEROME SNYDER

THE AGE OF HOLLYWOOD: A WORKING SCRIPT

THE FILM INDUSTRY was not born in California; as an infant it was taken there for space and scenery and sunshine to grow in. When the movie pioneers deserted the loft buildings of Manhattan and Long Island City for the open and almost cloudless West, they were merely picking the best place they could find to photograph Pearl White on the brink of a chasm. But what they founded became a fabulous city, half Samarkand, half midway, without neighbor and without counterpart.

English studios are a short drive from Trafalgar Square, French screen actors live and work in Paris, the German industry made its pictures (and makes them again) in the suburbs of Berlin and Munich. Stars, directors, writers and extras in Europe commute from reality to the sound sets; Hollywood was settled beyond the edge of the world by expatriate demigods.

Critics of the American film agree at least on one thing: the medium showed in its youth promise of truth and beauty, but somewhere on the journey it lost the way. Some set the date of the wrong turn in the fall of 1927, when Al Jolson's voice crooned "Mammy" for the Warner brothers and silent pictures died in their tracks. At that moment, they will tell you, the machines of Hollywood became too complex for the men of Hollywood; the production line was rushed in from Detroit and art gave way to fabrication.

There is merit in the argument: fragmentation of authority, standardization of parts, voracious overheads and national advertising are assumptions of mass industry that, almost by definition, outlaw startling ideas or individual personality. The gears mesh, the presses crash down and men conform or get their fingers crushed. Chaplin said it all in "Modern Times."

But this cannot be the whole answer, for "The Jazz Singer" did not really destroy the spirit of the films. Fine pictures were still made in Hollywood, though so infrequently that it could be said the spirit languished there. But creative initiative went overseas, and the possibilities we had begun to grasp were realized in the studios of Europe, where the sound track never drowned the voices of Eisenstein or Pabst or Clair.

Perhaps the error goes back to that first exodus—not because the movie makers deserted the Atlantic Coast but because they migrated to a void. Hollywood (it is a cliché) became a state of mind, its inhabitants were exiles living in an exalted vacuum.

The men who write in the following pages talk a good deal of the anxieties that surround their profession, but the one they do not mention is implicit in everything they say. It is the terrible fear of having lost contact with the rest of humanity. Hollywood spends fortunes every year to find out what people think (and never finds out). Hollywood produces fewer and fewer pictures out of its own creative resources; pathetically and eagerly it borrows. Its most modest and routine offering must be "based" on a novel, a short story, a play, a newspaper clipping. Never mind whether the original was decent or true, never mind how much it must be warped and trimmed to fit the code; at least it was once the product of a human mind. Hollywood, with the rarest exceptions, has developed no personalities of its own: the population has been maintained by abduction.

But the lunar sterility that fell upon Hollywood is not incurable, and there are signs that life may be returning. The events of the past ten years—depression, war, tyranny, a bomb—have washed right up into its streets and tarnished the gold. The town is not happy today: it faces a bleak future; it is troubled by politics and economics; it has met hostility abroad; and it finds

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embarrassment in resisting the ideas of the day. So do we all—and that, for Hollywood, is the point.

The writers of this survey speak in different moods and from different vantages, but they all talk in terms that relate Hollywood to the world. It may be that the studios will decide at last to secede from Olympus and join the twentieth century. It will be a happy change for us all.

THIS IS WHERE THE MONEY WENT

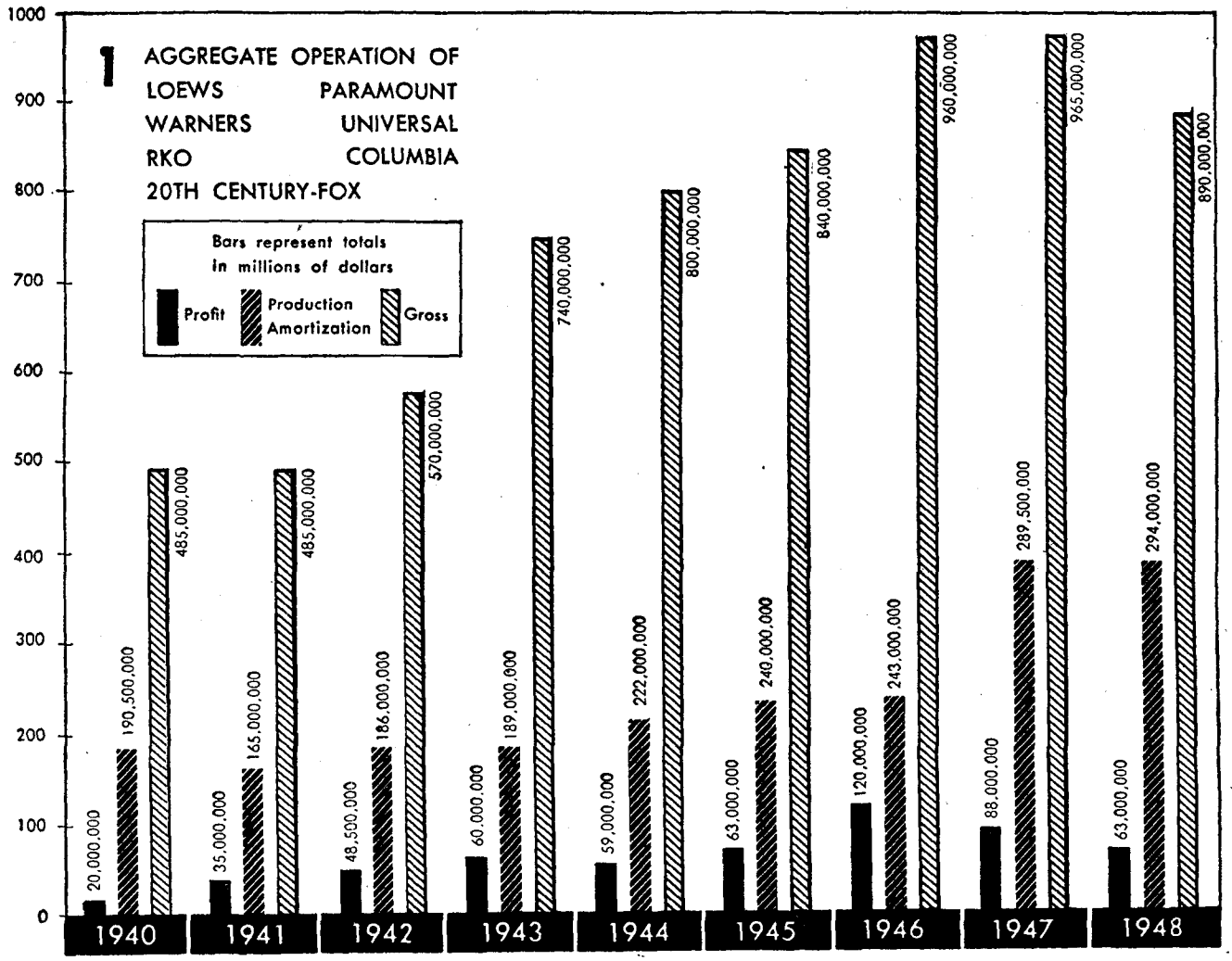
by Thomas F. Brady

A SCREEN WRITER named Herbert Clyde Lewis said recently, "The swimming pools are drying up all over Hollywood. I do not think I shall see them filled in my generation."

Supporting his witticism is the fact that motion-picture production and distribution have virtually ceased to be profitable, and that the truly profitable side of the business, the exhibition of films, is in the process of being divorced from the other operations.

In present-day Hollywood there are three kinds of company: producers who make pictures independently for release by an unaffiliated distributor; producer-distributors who sell their own pictures; and producer-distributor-exhibitors who sell their own pictures to their own theatres.

For more than a decade, the Department of Justice has been firing anti-trust charges at the firms in the last category, claiming that, through coöperative agreements and control of first-run theatres, they have been able to stifle competition. The government's first victory has done away with block-booking, a practice by which all producer-distributors assured themselves against loss by forcing independent theatres to show poor pictures in order to get good ones. For a time the war boom was an adequate substitute for block-booking. Grosses and profits rose steadily to a peak in 1946. But, in 1947, profits took a sudden dip. It was then seen that in the boom production costs went up almost as fast as grosses. In 1941, the seven major companies amortized production costs amounting to $166 million. In 1947 they amortized $290 million. Amortization appears on the books when pictures are released, not when they are photographed, so the money is spent at least a year before it shows on the record or in the accompanying graphs.



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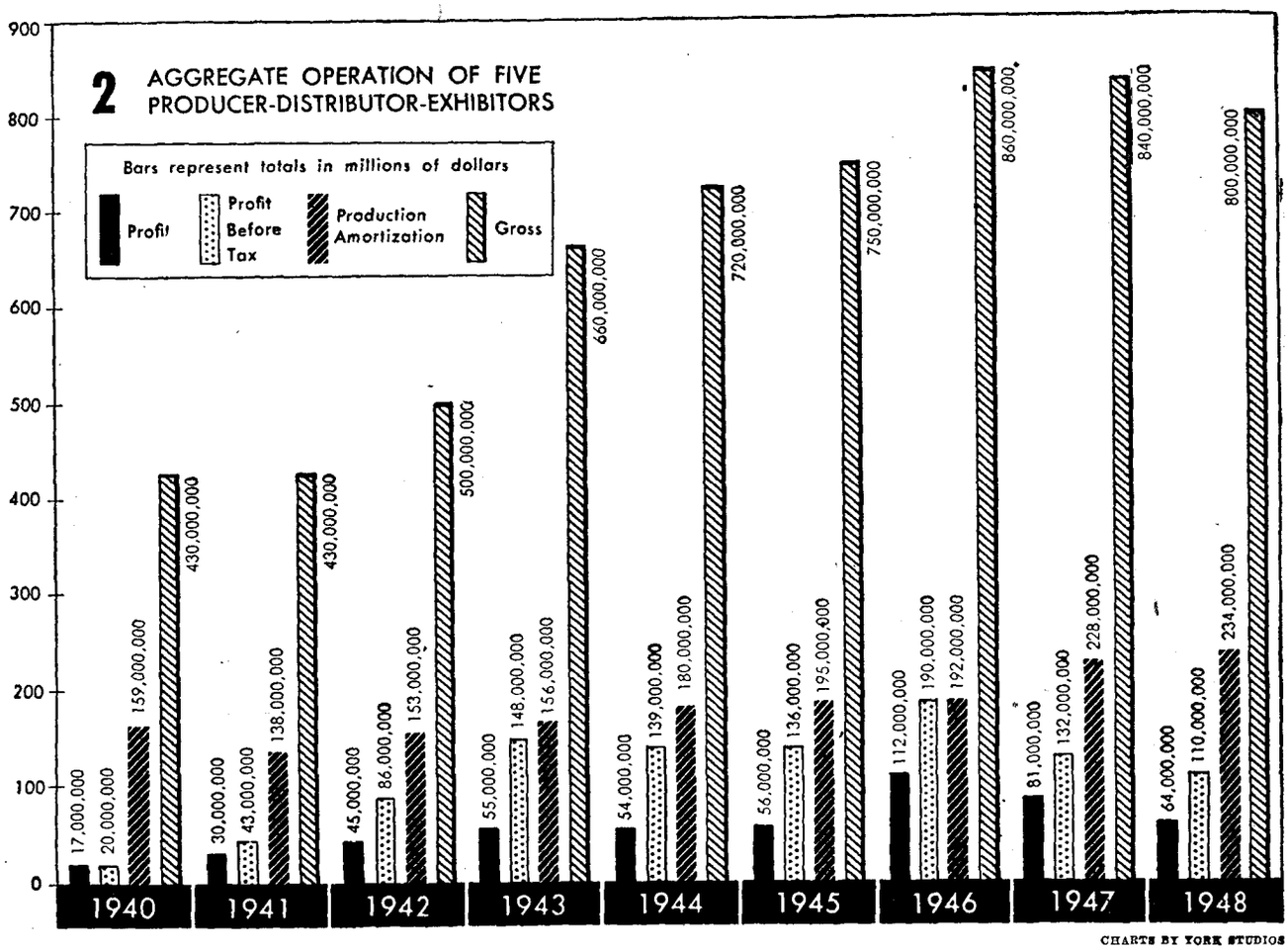

CHARTS BY YORK STUDIOS

After 1946, grosses stopped rising, but amortization didn't. It rose sharply in 1947 and slightly in 1948, reflecting rising costs in the preceding years. As a result, profits have plunged.

Since amortization lags by a year, there is as yet no record of what happened to costs in 1948. But they are certainly going down as fast as management can knock them, and since Hollywood costs are, for all practical purposes, wages and salaries, the consequence is unemployment. In an industry where more than 80 percent of expenditure goes to personnel, the only way to economize is to cut the payroll. In examining the accompanying graph number one, it is important to remember that production expenditure is the basis of Hollywood's lavish prosperity. The stockholders, who get the profits, are of little significance either in numbers or in notoriety.

Yet, *ultimately*, profits determine expenditure because motion-picture production has to be financed. Therefore it is worth examining the profit line on the graph to see why all the gloom. Ostensibly, there isn't any real reason for discouragement. The industry will make $63 million in 1948, and that should be enough to keep things going in the style to which everyone is accustomed.

The fly in the ointment is divorcement, which seems inevitable now that the Department of Justice has finally brought the five theatre-owning producer-distributors to the bar. One company, RKO, has already agreed to a wholesale divestiture of its theatres. As this piece is written, the other four are negotiating with the Department to escape a court order.

To show what divorcement implies, it is necessary to inflict two more graphs on the reader. They represent the two components of the first graph—the operations of the five theatre-owning companies (Graph II) and of the two largest companies which do not own theatres (Graph III). The theatre-owning companies are so large that they dominate the industry and their situation is therefore almost the same as the aggregate operation shown in chart one. The production-distribution picture, which is now Hollywood's concern, is more accurately reflected in Graph III.

The huge grosses and profits derived from the nation's box offices make the production-amortization figures on Graph II seem relatively unimportant, but on Graph III they so dominate the last two years that production-distribution profits have disappeared. The graphs also show that the theatre owners made their greatest operating profit (before deduction of taxes) in 1946, the year of their greatest gross, while the non-theatre owners made theirs in 1943, before production amortization shot up.

To discount any possible error in Graph III arising from the weight of Universal's individual operation, which will show a heavy loss in 1948, it is worthwhile to consider Colum-

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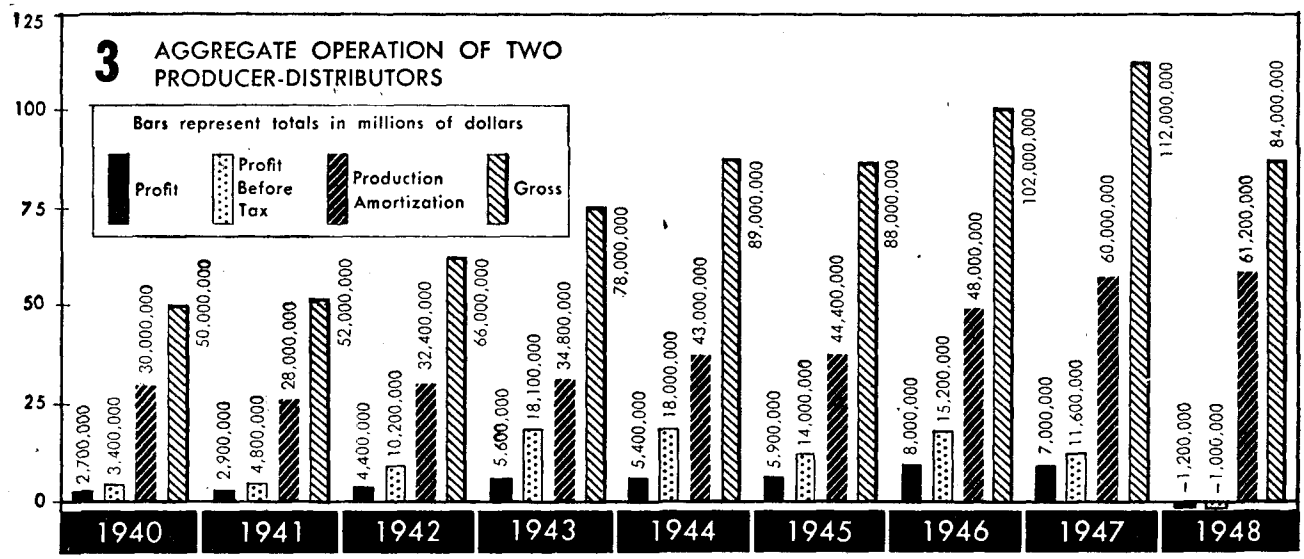

bia alone. For the fiscal year ending last June, Columbia showed a gross of $31,222,000 and a profit of $565,000; for the preceding fiscal year the gross was $30,368,000, but the profit was $3,707,000.

To clinch the point that theatre operation is more profitable than production, Paramount, which owns more theatres than any other company, will make about 40 percent of the 1948 aggregate estimated profit for all seven major producer-distributors, including Paramount. But Paramount's production amortization will be about 14 percent of the total amortization for the same seven companies.

There are three major reasons for the disparity between exhibition profits and production-distribution profits. First, theatre operating costs have not risen as fast as production costs. Second, the average West Coast first-run deal divides box-office revenue on a sliding scale which starts out with a 80-20 split in the exhibitor's favor and gradually changes to 50-50 split as the take increases. It will be seen that such an arrangement materially lowers the distributor's over-all percentage when ticket sales fall off, since the reduction affects the area where he receives his maximum share of the house. Third, independent sources of theatre revenue, such as screen advertising and the sale of candy, are far from negligible. The Fox West Coast chain, affiliated with Twentieth Century-Fox, is reported to have cleared a million dollars on candy sales last year.

Thus, when divorcement becomes reality and production-distribution has to stand by itself, Hollywood can hardly show a profit under present conditions. Of course, conditions will change. As long as the five big companies didn't care which pocket their money was in—indeed they preferred it in the theatre pocket, since their theatres bought pictures from the non-exhibiting companies—there was no incentive for adjusting the division of profit. But if production does not pay, the studios will slow down until a demand for pictures from the divorced theatres again makes it lucrative. Some of the profits of exhibition eventually will have to be transferred to production and distribution. But this adjustment will mean lean years in Hollywood.

The lean years have already begun. Independent producers were the first to curtail activity; when the prospect of profits disappeared, their financing withdrew. Liberty Films—the Frank Capra-William Wyler-George Stevens company—was recently absorbed by Paramount. Enterprise Productions has closed down completely. Activity among the smaller independents has fallen off at least 75 percent because no backers are available.

Independent film production is comparable to Broadway theatrical financing, except that investment in picture making must be on such a scale that bank money is necessary, whereas the theatre can still work from private capital. But banks will not take risks, and in order to make a picture these days an independent producer must be a superlative promoter. First he has to offer a photoplay, a star and a distribution agreement that he can demonstrate to be foolproof. Then he must establish a budget acceptable to the banking mind. Next he must raise 50 percent of that budget in cash or salary deferments. He must then post a bond of unlimited magnitude to guarantee that he can complete the picture even if he runs over his budget. In practice, such a bond must be backed by assets of at least $1 million.

Then at last the bank will lend him 50 percent of his budget at five-percent interest with a first lien against his revenue. The most recent bank requirement has been that the producer give his personal guarantee that the bank loan will be covered, even if the picture does not make enough to satisfy the lien. Marginal independents without assets in the form of completed films naturally shrink from risking their homes and their wives' wardrobes, and thus they must find another guarantor to satisfy the bank. After he has fulfilled all these conditions, the independent is lucky if he has any share left for himself in his hoped-for profits. Most of the marginal independents

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who were flourishing in 1945 and 1946 have decided that production isn't worth the effort.

In the next higher category the non-exhibiting producer-distributors, who operate on long-term bank loans, are retrenching. Two such companies, Universal and Eagle Lion, shut down altogether for extended periods in 1948. The others are making fewer and cheaper pictures.

Finally, even the producer-distributor-exhibitors, though they are still making comfortable profits, have put budget ceilings on their ventures and have stopped buying expensive stories. One studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, instituted a program of "semi-documentary" subjects because they could be made inexpensively.

Salaries and wages, it has been noted, constitute 80 percent of producing-distributing expenditure. About 40 percent of negative cost goes to the craft unions, and the other 40 percent to actors, writers, directors, white-collar workers and executives. Because of extremely effective labor organization, the wage levels in the craft unions have not and probably will not go down, but the volume of employment has decreased. The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which has controlled the Hollywood craft-union field since its jurisdictional victory of 1946-47, estimates that employment is off 40 percent from the good years. Fewer pictures are being made, and these are being made quickly.

According to the California State Division of Labor Statistics and Research, the average number of workers employed in the motion-picture industry each month during 1940 was 18,900. By 1946 it had risen to 22,100. During the first eleven months of 1948, the average dropped to 14,800. In November of 1948, according to the Division, film employment was only 74.2 percent of its 1940 level, but the total film payroll for the month was 171.7 percent of its 1940 level. Thus the film industry paid $231 last November for the work it could have gotten for $100 in 1940, but it utilized only three-quarters as much labor as in 1940, and only about three-fifths as much as in 1946.

Salaries in the very high brackets —above $2,000 a week or above $80,000 per picture—are being maintained by management competition, because the recipients of those salaries are regarded as box-office necessities. No move has been made to reduce minimum wages of the actors, writers and directors. But in the middle bracket of executives and creators, whose salaries range from $300 to $2,000 a week or from $10,000 to $80,000 a picture, scarcity of employment is known to have depressed salaries, although such price cutting is usually hushed.

The effect of these economies on future movies cannot be estimated because neither artistic quality nor box-office success can be correlated to investment or to quantity of production. There is a creative imponderable which will not submit to a graph, and which, happily, will remain despite profits or losses. Ultimately, however, it is certain that the independent producer will come back to life, because as long as people go to the movies, production must somehow find a profitable level.

A concluding reason for optimism about Hollywood's economy is the prospect of a new market for film television. In 1948, a few adventurers undertook the film production of television subjects, and when theatres are no longer allied with producer-distributors, the attractions of the television market will become much more important in Hollywood's calculations.

FIRST AID FOR A SICK GIANT

by Lewis Milestone

No pictures with "messages." No pictures that cost more than a million and a half. Nobody goes to the movies. Business is bad. In all Hollywood only 370 actors under studio long-term contracts, compared to a normal 1,200. Out of a total of some 1,800 writers who have worked on scripts during the last three years fewer than 250 are employed, and of these only about 50 are under long-term contract. One-third of all unemployment-insurance applicants in the Hollywood area are studio workers. A long list of directors, a Hollywood *Who's Who*, unemployed. RKO dumping 150 finished screen plays on the writers' market for sale to other studios. A domestic gross of two and a half million dollars is a smashing success, compared with a wartime gross of seven or eight million. The average picture is lucky to bring back a million and a half. The foreign market is practically nonexistent. This is the picture of Hollywood which confronts those who work in the industry. And there has not been a single suggestion for a cure that makes sense.

Public apathy, in my opinion, is the result of Hollywood's own inept propaganda which characterizes current output as cheaply made, inferior, message-less and third-rate. And I quote no less a source than the *Hollywood Reporter,* industry spokesman. Publisher W. R. Wilkerson, in his daily column, "Tradeviews," writes:

> In all other big industries, when the going gets tough, that's the time the organizations put on their greatest selling splash. . . . Not so our business. When ticket sales fall off a bit, whether through bad product or a general decline in the traffic at our box office, our companies add to this condition by playing dead, yelling murder, and, through their activities (or lack of them) further accentuate the situation in the eyes of the public, causing less ticket sales.
>
> At this moment ALL of our customers have been sold the idea that the motion picture industry is in great economic trouble. The depression that's now hit us is a self-made depression, inflicted by our company heads who became frightened into hysteria at the loss of foreign revenues and the slackening of business at our domestic windows. . . . Our companies have discontinued every effort to inspire our former customers to buy tickets.
>
> . . . Our company heads, hysterical in their fight for "greater economy," have

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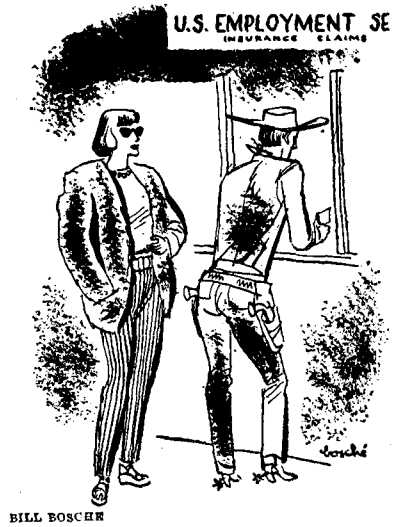
cut the very ingredients that did most of the selling to the people who buy our shows. . . . Our product is no worse than it has ever been; our entertainment is just as good for our customers, but these customers have been sold by our inactivity to stay away. And they are.

Wilkerson's tradeview editorials, although no monuments of journalistic literature, do faithfully mirror the producers' state of mind. People are staying away from pictures because the industry has nurtured the popular notion that Hollywood is making fewer but shoddier pictures, a notion sped on its way by the industry's trade press, by Hollywood's radio tattlers and daily columnists. Widespread information about studio shutdowns and layoffs, cutbacks and economy drives have all been assurances of cinematic inferiority. There is no necessary relationship, it should be emphasized, between limited output and increased quality; Hollywood is making about half the films it made five years ago, but it does not follow that these four hundred features are being made with greater care and excellence. For the men responsible for what Wilkerson calls "greater economy hysteria" are also responsible for Hollywood's output.

Public apathy and indifference, in my opinion, are directly attributable to two elements: Hollywood's well-publicized home-cooked depression; and the content of almost all of Hollywood's current product.

In the somewhat happier days of Hollywood's past, the creative artist —director, writer, actor, art director— worked to the best of his ability at making pictures. We were not remotely concerned with the First Amendment, risk insurance, the political beliefs of the chief hair-dresser, atomic secret leaks or New Jersey congressmen. We thought that the successful box-office picture was invariably the result of complete coöperation among all the crafts, guilds, unions and the front office. We made some good pictures, and we made some bad ones. We made errors of judgment and mistakes in execution. We were chiefly concerned with evolving a formula for the production of entertaining and intelligent box-office winners. In these interesting and stimulating debates we generally agreed that there was no rule for success, and that the risk of success or failure would always be present, for no one in the business could gauge the indeterminates of changing taste, varying public moods, fads and favorites of the moment.



BILL BOSCHE

At this moment, disputations about the relative merits of the original screen story v. the published novel, of the star system v. the qualified unknown, or any of the other craft questions which occupied our time, seem academic. Today the question is not what kind of entertainment shall we make; the question is: Under existing conditions can we make pictures at all?

If Hollywood wants to recapture its public, then it needs a forceful, positive public-relations campaign to overcome the popular conception that it has lost its skill in making good pictures; and to hold this recaptured audience the industry will have to do something about the blandness of its output. A fear psychosis pervades the town, engendered by recent witch hunts on the national, state and community level. Producers are asking for and getting pictures without ideas. In the frantic effort to offend no one, to alienate no group, to create no misgivings in congressional minds, studios are, for the most part, obediently concentrating on vapidity. The public, let it be noted, did not ask that pictures be sterilized of ideas; the notion was self-imposed. The "think pictures," as the New York *Times* has characterized them, are gone; and so are the audiences.

Producers are also saying that "quality production" is impossible because of prohibitive costs, and since there is less risk in a 14-day, $600,000 feature, why bother with quality? The bankers are saying if a $2 million "A" grosses $2 million today, let's make a $150,000 stinker that grosses $160,000. The usual explanation is that story costs, stars' salaries and labor bills have conspired to make motion-picture production unprofitable. This is a canard which has been given the widest hearing and credence in Hollywood, and very little analysis.

If producers are sincerely eager to make quality films, and if they feel that costs are keeping them from "A" production, let them consider cutting costs in the following spheres without sacrificing quality, without union-breaking, without shutdowns and layoffs:

¶ *In story preparation.* Rarely is the director given time to prepare his script properly. Intelligent preparation means that the director, working with the writer, will solve story problems *before* production.

¶ *In pre-production rehearsal.* This means that the cast, the director and key members of the crew develop the story action in rehearsal time instead of walking into the story cold.

¶ *In the purchase of basic stories.* Studios pay too little attention to the original story vehicle. Although elementary, it is not always understood that a Broadway hit or a book-club selection is not an automatic guarantee of box-office success.

¶ *In front-office feather-bedding.* The producer system—in which one man supervises the production of a number of films during the year—was created out of economic necessity. The producer was supposed to supervise the picture before production, thereby eliminating the director's need for pre-production preparation. His salary was to be prorated among all of the films

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he was supposed to produce. But the producer has become more than a businessman; he has developed an esthetic sense, and sometimes he takes as long as two years to develop a single feature. What began as an expedient time and money saver has now become an economic millstone, and in some instances twelve producers on one lot turn out an aggregate of three pictures a year.

¶ *In selection of backgrounds.* There is some, but not much, imagination in the selection of story setting and backgrounds. Authentic locales are often better and less expensive than studio sets.

¶ *In the establishment of effective story departments.* For mysterious reasons, when economy drives begin studios cut these departments first, firing story analysts and readers in the blind haste to save money. Story-department heads, men trained to know screen and literary values, are rarely given adequate standing or authority. The story department ought to be the all-important base of any studio operation.

As a creative artist it ought to be my business to create. Yet, today I must concern myself with more than the esthetic principles of film making. I want to make pictures. I want others to make pictures. Lots of pictures. I think Hollywood is at its best when it is most active. We know for sure that the paucity of feature production today has been no guarantee of greater care and more quality. As a director I must, therefore, not only be concerned with craft and art problems; I must have a vital interest in the climate in which I work. I must do what I can to combat Hollywood's manufactured hysteria. We are still making a few good pictures, and we should give these films our encouragement. And above all, I think we ought to get away from the seventy-minute soporifics and get back to making films with content, substance and meaning.

THEY ARE NOT SO INNOCENT ABROAD

by Paul Jarrico

HOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURES are the most popular form of entertainment in Europe—and the most despised cultural force. Long lines form at the box offices to see them and long lines parade to boo them. Often the same people are in both lines.

These ambivalent customers have made life difficult for our traveling film salesmen. Problems of monetary exchange, frozen funds, etc., are only a reflection of the contradiction. I am convinced that if Europeans were persuaded they really needed Hollywood films they would search far more vigorously for ways and means of paying for them. They are not so convinced. They want them and they don't want them. They love us and they hate us.

In general they love our techniques, they love our stars, they love our glamor. In general they hate our content, they hate our censorship, they hate what they call our immaturity.

What they hate most is their inability to compete with us on our terms. During the war, when European production was cut to almost nothing, Hollywood continued to manufacture its 500 films a year. When the war was over Hollywood had a backlog of some 3,000 films with which to flood the European market.

European producers were asking their governments for protection; European governments were asking America for aid. A skillful lobbyist named Eric Johnston tried to swing a deal in which one of the conditions of American aid to Europe was relative freedom for Hollywood film exporters. To Johnston it was simply a question of free trade, a concept America has always defended except when protection was more profitable. To most European film workers it was pure imperialism. Resistance to the invasion has taken various forms.

In England the fight has been led by J. Arthur Rank, himself hardly distinguished as an anti-imperialist but a man to reckon with when he defends his home market. Striking hard when he persuaded his government to levy the 75-percent tax, retreating nimbly when the Americans struck back with an absolute boycott, feinting with the 45-percent quota restriction, Rank has maneuvered us into a compromise which is largely to his advantage. Since he needs a definite number of American films to keep his huge chain of theatres running, Rank has sought less to lick us than to join us. His strategy has succeeded. We have made him a partner.

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that all British film makers are united behind King Arthur. The British government is subsidizing independent producers who threaten Rank's monopoly. Sections of the trade-union movement are insisting on nationalization of the entire film industry. Press criticism of both Rank and Hollywood is growing. And the present truce between British protectionism and American expansionism is very uneasy indeed.

In France the resistance has assumed a more popular form. Unlike the British government, which has consistently tried to support the interests of its film makers, the French government has consistently sold its own film industry down the river. The Blum-Byrnes agreement opened wide the frontiers. French producers found themselves fighting not only their American competitors but their own government, which had failed them.

The fight was organized by the Comité de Défense du Cinéma Français, an energetic coalition of film producers, film creators and film workers. For support they went into the theatres, mounting the stage during intermissions and appealing directly to the audience. More often than not this audience had come to see an American film, but its response to the appeal was invariably warm.

On the eve of last Bastille Day the committee organized a tremendous street dance on the Place de la Con-

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corde. Over the makeshift stage was a great banner: LE CINEMA FRANCAIS A LE DROIT A VIVRE! Most of the stars of the French screen and radio appeared, to urge renegotiation of the Blum-Byrnes agreement.

Marching in the traditional workers' parade the next day was a large contingent of film makers. As they marched they chanted, *"A bas les navets Américains!"* Mark this well. They did not shout, "Down with American films!" They shouted, "Down with American turnips!" *i.e.,* down with bad American films.

The pressure has paid off. The Blum-Byrnes agreement has been abrogated and a tax has been placed on American films (actually on all films), the proceeds of which go to subsidize the French film industry.

The Comité de Défense du Cinéma Français is conducting a campaign to keep American producers from hogging French studio space.

In Italy the resistance movement has been less broad and less successful. This is the more surprising in that the Italian renaissance since the war has been so brilliant. Italian film production is still booming, but it is no longer really Italian. American releases have swamped the theatres and American productions have swamped the studios. With the plausible explanation that they are only using "blocked lire," the American companies are taking advantage of low Italian production costs. Paradoxically but characteristically they are raising these costs so high in the process that Italian film producers, despite a subsidy, are having increasing difficulties with their own budgets.

What is sad about the American invasion of Italy is not, however, that Italian film workers are enjoying higher wage scales but that the individuality of Italian film creators is being corrupted. I don't think a creator has to be poor to be honest, but many of the men who made "Open City," "Shoe-Shine" and the other great Italian films have changed their entire approach to film content. Some of them told me frankly that what they want now is to make "Hollywood films at Italian prices."

In my opinion they are not only betraying their own genius but will find that they can never make Hollywood films as well as can Hollywood.

In the countries behind the Iron Curtain, the situation differs not in kind but in degree. The appetite for American films is the same, the attempt of American film exporters to glut that appetite is the same, the resistance is the same but more effective.

There protection is not an isssue—it is a premise. Film industries are nationalized, film expansion planned for years in advance, and the market for American films is limited to the large but narrowing area between home production and consumption.

Protection, however, can only protect a product, it cannot create it. East European film makers are acutely aware that the real answer to American competition is not a system of artificial restrictions but a series of excellent productions, films that will not only be more honest and useful within their own frame of social reference but more entertaining as well.

This is not to make a false distinction between propaganda films and entertainment films. Not only in Eastern Europe but everywhere in Europe—everywhere in the world, I should guess, except in Hollywood—it is taken for granted that *all* films are propaganda; that they all reflect the mores and values of the society which creates them.

If society is changing rapidly, however, as it is in Eastern Europe, the problem of reflecting its values be-

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PAUL JARRICO has been a Hollywood screenwriter for twelve years, during which time he has written or co-written a number of pictures, among them "Tom, Dick and Harry," "Thousands Cheer," "Song of Russia" and "The Search." Film work has taken him to Europe three times in the last three years, most recently in connection with the forthcoming "Temptation." He visited England, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia and Hungary in search of production facilities for this picture, and is concluding arrangements with the nationalized Hungarian film industry to produce and direct it in Budapest.

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ERNEST PASCAL was an established novelist and playwright when he arrived in California in 1929. He worked on "Interference," Paramount's first all-talkie picture, and since then has written more than 50 Hollywood screen plays, including "Lloyd's of London" and "Hollywood Cavalcade." He has just finished "Lewis and Clarke" and "Eagle on the Cactus," two original stories not yet produced. Pascal was a founder-member of the Screen Writers' Guild and one of its first presidents.

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comes very complicated. The film artists I met in Prague and Budapest are wrestling with this problem. They want to make films "national in form, socialist in content." They want to make films that will not only grip their peoples, but change them.

I should say they are beginning to succeed. I saw two recent films, at least—a Polish picture about Auschwitz ("The Last Stop") and a Hungarian picture about vagabond children ("Somewhere in Europe")—which rank in my mind with the great films of our time.

If I have given the impression in this series of impressions that I am against the export of American movies to Europe I want to correct that. I am against the export of *les navets.* I am against trying to hold our European customers by economic force. I am against floods in general and the flooding of markets in particular.

I am for the movies as an international art. I respect the right of the Europeans to develop their own studios and I am for the production of more films in Hollywood that Europeans can respect.

The people abroad are not innocents.

HOLLYWOOD COUNTS THE VOTE

by Robert Shaw

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE is getting some fast retakes; the story is being given a new script and fresh casting.

Maybe the shift began when Humphrey Bogart met Harry S. Truman in Hollywood late last September. The actor's first words to the campaigning President were: "Mr. President, if you win this election, what will be your attitude toward the J. Parnell Thomas Committee on Un-American Activities?"

Said Truman, succinctly: "Against it."

The President then stated his belief that America can be protected against subversion with less headline hunting, less indiscriminate damage to civil liberties. He said: "In my book that committee is a dead duck."

Said Bogart: "That's good enough for me, Mr. President."

Apparently it was good enough for Hollywood. It may well have marked Truman's first big cut into the potentially large Wallace vote in the Los Angeles area. For many years, under Dies, Wood, Rankin and Thomas, the Committee on Un-American Activities has caused embarrassment, uproar and resentment in both the front offices and the back lots of the motion-picture industry. Truman's forthright statement to Bogart may have been one of his most decisive speeches. As it was, he carried Los Angeles County (population four million) by a scant 8,000 votes.

The great switch of November 2 did much to clear the film-colony air. From a chase thriller of liberal villains fleeing the J. Parnell Thomas and Motion Picture Alliance cops, the Hollywood story line is changing to something closer to American realities. The mood is lighter, gayer and more confident. The recent glamor heroes of the GOP are quiescent now. Gary Cooper has threatened to take a vacation from Hollywood. Ginger Rogers plans to give more time to her Oregon ranch. Leo Carrillo leads no more parades. Even the articulate Adolphe Menjou is silent.

A new polarization is taking place. On one side a liberal coalition seems in the making, including most of those who supported Wallace; the unifying idea is to implement the Truman platform and campaign pledges and to build a more solid defense of civil liberties. The respectable conservatives are inactive, still trying to figure out what happened to them, and why. But far over to the extreme Right, there is a reawakening. There, people are spreading the alarm that Truman's election was really a victory for Stalin. Calls go out to all red-blooded Americans to be vigilant—and, if need be, vigilantes.

This is not altogether funny. Large sections of the Los Angeles population have always been tinder for sparks from burning crosses. And Hollywood right now is suffering from an overdose of frustration and unemployment.

Right after the election, Gerald L. K. Smith did a Paul Revere into Hollywood. At an overflow mass meeting in Hollywood High School he trumpeted the awful and imminent peril to the Republic. He bracketed Truman, Wallace and the motion-picture industry in the Red network. He promised an even more sensational meeting in December, and said he would name names.

On December 9, the meeting was held in the El Patio Theatre, rented in the name of the Cinema Educational Guild. It was a closed meeting, with admittance by numbered invitation. The capacity of the theatre is about 900. It was filled.

The principal speaker was a large man masked by a significantly sinister hangman's black hood which fell to his shoulders. He was attended by four tough bodyguards and was introduced as a leading Hollywood actor, director and producer—one of the film industry's white, Christian, Gentile hopes.

He spoke for an hour and half in a loud, portentous voice. He said if he unmasked, revealing his identity, the Reds of New York and Hollywood, who are in financial control of the motion-picture business, would crucify him. Nevertheless, he said he might take off his mask and make the supreme

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sacrifice some time in the next few weeks. He then read the names and addresses of the now defunct Hollywood Committee for the First Amendment, composed of several hundred top writers, producers, directors and actors, and said they were all Red-traitors. He said the 10 men cited last year for contempt of the Un-American Activities Committee were all reëmployed, under fictitious names, at salaries ranging from $5,000 to $8,000 a week. He said Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, was a Communist who had just returned from Moscow, where he had made a film deal with Stalin.

Then Gerald L. K. Smith strode down the aisle, mounted the platform and said patriotic Americans were down but not out. They could still fight, and cause the Reds a lot of trouble and expense. Hadn't he, personally, goaded Darryl Zanuck into making "Gentleman's Agreement" solely to discredit Gerald L. K. Smith? He demanded, and got, an audience resolution calling for a purge of the American theatre and film industry, and demanding that the Un-American Activities Committee resume its probe into Red Hollywood. He then disclosed the climactic information that Representative John E. Rankin had *personally* assured him that the Hollywood investigation *would* be restored to the top of the committee's agenda. He then took up a collection.

Political progress on the liberal front is less colorful. But it is real and hopeful. People who might have been cast as heavies last fall are beginning to emerge as heroes.

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There's Ellis Arnall, for instance, who has been elected president of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers. The ex-Governor of Georgia is a courageous fighter against special privilege and monopoly, one of the earliest prophets of the Truman victory and a liberal Democrat.

David O. Selznick, the arch-Republican, is powerful among the independent producers. So is Sam Goldwyn, who deserted the Democrats and joined the Dewey parade in 1948, along with Jack Warner, Harry Cohn, Zanuck and many others. But soon after the election these independent producers hired Arnall. His first act was to state publicly and emphatically that the present output of pictures is not good enough, and that the main reason for stupid films is stupid attitudes behind them—fear, hysteria, justification of monopoly control and craven submission to an assumed public opinion. He wanted to debate Eric Johnston on the subject, but Johnston said no.

Arnall's next act was to state that the independent producers were not maintaining a blacklist against the 10 men cited for contempt at the behest of the Thomas committee. This broke a producers' front hitherto assumed to be solid. At the same time it got the independent producers off the hook of a $61 million suit.

Arnall, seasoned fighter against power-company monopoly in the Southeast, has put new life and hope into the fight against the California-New York monopoly of motion-picture theatres. He is demanding more than the divorcement of Paramount, M-G-M, RKO, Fox and Warner Bros. from the thousands of theatres they control. He says:

> We want actual divestment, and no fictitious set-up such as in the Pullman case, where after the company was legally split in two, one half set up business on the other side of the street under a new name. Monopoly in the motion-picture industry is depriving the screen of fine pictures. We are hopeful of public support when audiences realize that their entertainment today is geared to an economy of scarcity, restrictions and artificially limited product.

All this has given creative and liberal forces in Hollywood their second wind. But it could not have happened if the political climate had not changed.

A major development for the people of the film and radio industries is the emergence of Helen Gahagan Douglas as a politically powerful force. Technically, she does not represent the Hollywood area—it is represented by two Republicans, Donald Jackson and Gordon McDonough—but she lives in the area, has a distinguished professional record as an actress, and her devastating victory over her Republican opponent will make her voice more effective than ever in the coming struggle against survivors from the neanderthal way of life.

Robert W. Kenny, former state attorney-general and now counsel for the blacklisted film writer-director-producer group, is saying he is still a Democrat—but not quite as still as formerly. He hopes for a coalition of the Democratic and Progressive Party forces, first on a local city and county level, later on a broader scale. The state Democratic organization also seems eager to close the cleavages of the campaign. It wants especially to bring back into the fold as much as possible of Hollywood talent, glamor—and money.

The Americans for Democratic Action is active in Hollywood. It is under the leadership of Melvin Douglas, the actor, and Roy Brewer, head of a group of studio labor unions. Another liberal civic organization is in its formative stages, with Carey McWilliams and Joseph Aidlin its prime movers. It is non-ADA, non-Communist, and is organizing on the broadest possible front. One of its spokesmen says it will be primarily interested in the defense of civil liberties, and only secondarily, if at all, in worrying about a Red under every bed. Still another as yet unnamed liberal organization in the prospectus stage is an ADA affiliate concentrating on the cultural front and designed to function somewhat in the same manner as the highly active Hollywood branch of the Arts, Sciences and Professions Council.

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The Independent Progressive Party in the Los Angeles area remains active and optimistic in spite of the disappointing Wallace vote. It is retaining its fashionable Wilshire district headquarters and its organizational set-up. It is now working on a precinct and assembly-district level for lower telephone rates, better housing and more adequate transportation.

The Wallace-Taylor ticket polled six percent of the Los Angeles County vote. In the Hollywood precincts the percentage was appreciably higher. Film talent, money, time and work poured into the Progressive Party campaign. A large vote seemed certain. What happened? Why did it fade?

An eminent director, asked this question, said:

I believe people who think the underlying Wallace strength can be measured by the vote are kidding themselves. I was for Wallace. I liked his courage, had faith in his analysis, and backed it up with all the money I could afford—maybe more in these lean times of unemployment. I was afraid of Dewey—terribly afraid of what his election might do to my job, my industry, my country and the world. But I didn't like Truman either, for reasons I still think sound.

Then, all of a sudden, the little guy began talking like Wallace, speaking up against Wall Street control, trying to send Vinson to talk things over with the Russians. I began to think maybe he had an outside chance to beat Dewey. I knew Wallace didn't. So at the last second, right in the voting booth, I decided to take a chance that the little guy would make good on the big talk. . . . But believe me, if Truman flops and if the Rankins and the Wall Street crowd call the shots again, progressive sentiment will be an awful lot stronger in 1952.

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ART, BUSINESS AND THE LIBERALS

by Ernest Pascal

THE LIBERAL, as we understand it, is the person who sincerely wants as many of the good things of this world for his fellow man as he does for himself. His credo is the Bill of Rights (still a very revolutionary document), the Roosevelt Bill of Human Rights, the Truman Civil Rights Program, and all legislation stemming from them. His enemy is fascism everywhere—abroad and at home, in his own home and even in his own heart—fascism, as we understand it, being the exploitation of human beings for personal gain, greed and glory.

The dilemma of the liberal lies in mistaking for liberalism what he seemed to see in Marxism, and still wishes to see in Communism under the Soviet Union. When he takes the final draft of disillusion and realizes that Communism is the selfsame Fascism of Nazi Germany and Mussolini Italy, and understands that in totalitarianism itself lies the source of all he opposes, then the mask falls from his eyes and his dilemma is solved.

Fundamentally, then, the dilemma of the Hollywood liberal is the same as the dilemma of liberals everywhere—so far as being a liberal is concerned. And with that we might well and briefly dispose of the matter.

Unfortunately, the *problem* of the Hollywood liberal still remains. Not only must he be clear as to what a liberal *is*; he must operate in a peculiarly inimical climate. Liberalism thrives best under democracy, and Hollywood is genetically undemocratic. It is more difficult to be a liberal, especially on an organizational basis, in Hollywood than perhaps anywhere else in the United States.

Hollywood, the typical little American town lying between Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean, with a Main Street of second-rate shops, commercial hotels and movie theatres, has nothing whatsoever to do with Hollywood, the so-called Motion Picture Capital of the world. Hollywood connotes motion pictures, all American motion pictures, in the same way that the Press connotes all newspapers, and Radio all broadcasting.

Actually Hollywood is neither the Motion Picture Capital nor is it the Motion Picture Industry. Hollywood is merely the factory that turns out the product for the industry. This factory, an aggregation of studios, has a personnel of about 30,000 men and women that roughly can be broken down into 500 studio heads and producers; 500 directors; 1,000 writers; 500 cinematographers; 5,000 actors; and 23,000 workers—craftsmen, carpenters, electricians, technicians and clerical employees.

The Motion Picture Industry is a gigantic real-estate combine of 20,000 theatres with 11 million seats, representing a capital investment of $2 billion. Its headquarters are not in Hollywood but in New York City, with administrative offices around Times Square and with its head and heart in Wall Street and (since the Roosevelt era, when government had the temerity to invade the sacred precincts of Business on behalf of the American people) Washington.

The business of this real-estate combine (not to be construed as a monopoly) is to maintain itself at the highest possible economic level, and it does so by leasing its 11 million seats to the American public at the highest possible tariff. It is not its business to be interested in anything else. It is not concerned, nor should it be, with democracy or humanitarianism. It is not concerned, nor should it be, with culture or art, with standards of writing, acting, directing, or even good taste, except as such things affect the box office. If Lassie, that renowned hermaphroditic canine, pulls them in, then Lassie *is* the star for them! The business of business is to make money out of money.

Hollywood, the factory, whose sole reason for existence is to service this huge block of real estate, composed of

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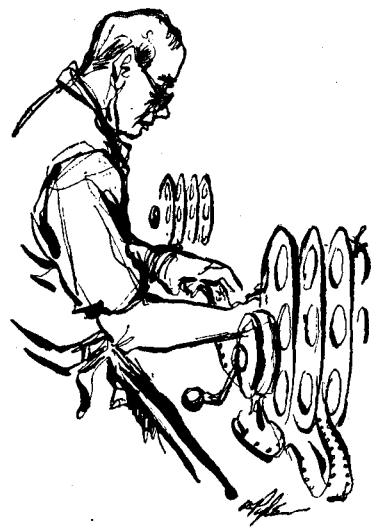
one-purpose buildings that cannot possibly be converted into anything but public auditoriums, is its servant. It is owned, controlled and operated by the combine and dominated by it economically, socially and politically.

This was conclusively demonstrated during the 1947 Hollywood hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee by the now famous Johnston Statement. The statement was anything but the reflection of the opinion and personal feelings of Hollywood or of the studio heads. It was the dictum of the Industry, born out of fear of public opinion and consequent loss of revenue, and the first time that any national industry dared set itself up as a lawmaking body over the government of the United States.

The Hollywood that is not the Industry and the Industry that is not Hollywood constitute one of the strangest alliances on record. It is a marriage, and a rather successful one as marriages go, between High Finance and Art, wherein lie both paradox and phenomenon. The Industry is dependent upon Hollywood for its artistic creations, and Hollywood is dependent upon the Industry for its economic existence. Yet they are constitutionally and temperamentally opposites, the one dedicated to Mammon, and the other to the very spirit of creativeness, to ideas, and to the human expression of those ideas.

Hollywood itself, therefore, made up essentially of two groups—the creative artist who by nature is revolutionary, and the labor group, traditionally progressive—would seem to be preëminently liberal.

Yet there is no avoiding the fact that Hollywood is permeated from top to bottom by the Industry. It isn't easy in the name of idealism to stand up against economic pressure. There are only eight or nine studios, all in bitterest competition with one another but nevertheless unified by high-level policies and implemented by gentleman's agreements which not only can deny a man opportunity but can banish him from the Industry altogether, thus liquidating him professionally. And



the personnel, the vast majority of whom are paid employees and not independent contractors, know this. They know that the real boss is not the man over them or the man over him, or even the studio head, who could be displaced overnight. The real boss is the Industry.

This was amply demonstrated in the early thirties, when Hollywood first became politically conscious. Anyone who raised a voice or a hand to protest Industry politics was immediately labeled a Red and was no longer in favor. Those who opposed the formation of guilds and unions were very much in favor. They were elevated as "studio pets." Even those of small talent or none at all were often rewarded with fat contracts, which even to this day some of them still enjoy. And always, as "studio policy," artists, especially stars, are prevailed upon to keep out of politics, the argument being that stars belong to the American public, and that by publicly espousing one set of political ideas they oppose another and thereby offend half of the total number of paying customers. This is "bad for the Industry."

That is one side of the coin.

On the other is its facsimile—Communism. The industry, with its multiple corporate structures and all that big business implies, is an obvious target of Communistic attack; while Hollywood, the factory, is the most inviting and fertile field for Communist activities. Communists love Hollywood. As a means of communication, the screen, even above radio, is their most coveted prize. Hollywood is the little man with the biggest voice in the world, commanding a potential of 300 million listeners every time he opens his mouth. A single line of filmed propaganda is worth more than millions of Communist pamphlets.

And there is money in Hollywood, money that is paid in a high salary directly to the Communist himself and money that he can sometimes suck out of the unwary and unenlightened liberal under the guise of supporting "democratic" issues and fighting reaction. Indirectly, by seeking to infiltrate liberal organizations, the Communist manages upon occasion to get backing and support for purely party-line measures. In all fairness, however, it must be said that this latter source has been effectively shut off to him. The doors are locked, the windows barred and the treasuries guarded.

But apart from the Right and Left, which are the common foes of all liberals, the Hollywood liberal has had yet a third enemy to combat—his own political immaturity.

The Hollywood liberal has only just turned sixteen. Prior to 1930, Hollywood knew only one brand of politics, company-union politics, which romped free and unchallenged over the whole garish scene. The first glimmering of opposition came in 1932—with the depression, the 50-percent wage cut and, coincidentally, with Roosevelt. Unfortunately there was no old-line Socialist with political ken and background to be in at the birth or to help suckle the infant liberal. He was conceived out of sheer emotion—outrage chiefly—brought to birth by the rankest political amateurs and rushed into battle without the slightest training or preparation or the vaguest idea of what a formidable giant he was taking on. He got licked, of course, but managed, because of the general spirit of the times and with the aid of the Wagner Act, to survive.

He is still weak and little and blundering and bewildered at times, es-

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pecially now when he is forced to fight on two fronts and undergoes a perpetual slogging from Right and Left. But he is tough and spiritually on the side of the angels, and consequently invincible and immortal. And one day, because the American people are the most revolutionary in the world, and because Hollywood lives only by its creativeness, he may grow up.

"AND SO INTO THE SUNSET . . ."

by Kenneth Macgowan

THE PARADOX of Hollywood is that the first boom in the history of the talkies brought unemployment to the craftsmen in the studios and headaches —as well as profits—to the bosses. The cause lay in the box office. Born at the beginning of the depression and baptized with receiverships and bankruptcies, the talking picture labored mightily to keep the theatres open. In the early 1930's American producers made close to 600 pictures a year. Came war-prosperity, and they made fewer than 400. Where a feature had played for only two nights in 1939, it played for three, four, even six in the latter years of the war and the first years of peace; for the number of moviegoers increased and no new theatres could be built. With decrease in production went fewer jobs for actors, writers, directors, technicians, workers generally. At bottom Hollywood is a depression town. Recession is the time of full employment.

Unemployment in boom times doesn't account, of course, for the headaches of the bosses. What they lie awake worrying over are increased production costs, the prospect of a declining box office, and the divorcement of production and distribution from theatre ownership.

Studio retrenchment has taken two forms, and both have increased unemployment. The first goes beyond slashing personnel to shutdowns of a month or more at three studios. The second is the making of feature pictures in Italy, England and other countries where certain costs may be less and where blocked American profits can thus be melted.

The war has had an effect on the esthetic of Hollywood that ties in to some extent with the making of films abroad. This is the tendency to shoot real-life stories in real-life settings and to avoid the artificiality of studio-built exteriors by sending cameras and companies to distant cities or lands. Documentary war films like "The Fighting Lady" and "Desert Victory" broke the ice. In 1945 Paramount sent actors and technicians to New York to shoot the exterior scenes for "The Lost Weekend" along Third Avenue; others followed. A more important move came when Darryl Zanuck turned Louis de Rochemont loose to film a reënactment of the story of William Siebold's encounter with German spies as "The House on 92nd Street." Since 1945 we have had more and more pseudo-documentaries like "Boomerang" and "The Iron Curtain," and fictional yarns like "The Naked City" and "Kiss of Death," all largely shot in cities other than Hollywood. Whatever the merit of the fact or fiction involved in these pictures, the screen has regained some of the visual reality that it had in the silent days. Films shot against Italian and English backgrounds should profit in the same way.

Otherwise Hollywood has learned little from the war; "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands" would be an appropriate title for many a current film. We had one fine exception in Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives," and another in Zanuck's "The Snake Pit," which reminds us that it was Zanuck who made "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Ox-Bow Incident," "Wilson," and "I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." But we must blush at our Hollywood product when war-torn Italy sends us six fine, true films made by four new directors. By and large, our screen has the same two faults it has had for twenty years. Glamor and slickness distort or replace emotional truth. Nine times out of ten our best pictures and our most popular pictures are film versions of plays or novels; they are not made from stories conceived and written in screen form by screen writers.

The reason our screen gives us glamor instead of truth and dares themes like "The Snake Pit" and "The Grapes of Wrath" only when they have won success and fame in another medium is tied in with high production costs even in times of depression. Unlike the Italian or the French producer, the American is convinced by his bookkeeper that he must please fifty million people or go broke. Accordingly he cuts his film cloth to fit his image of the salesgirl, the taxi driver, the high-school student, the soda jerk, the laundress and the streetcar conductor. He dares to give them something above what he considers their mental and emotional level only when they may be cozened into the theatre by curiosity about a best-seller.

The victory of Truman's one-man party will take the congressional heat off Hollywood, and this should mean that certain writers will turn to the creation of original stories of some social significance and that certain studios will buy and produce these stories. And that same victory should curb the reliance of producers on pollsters as guides to the greatest common denominator of audience and art.

In the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* Gilbert Seldes had some wise things to say about the problem of how to develop a varied as well as a large audience for film and for radio:

> The inescapable fact about the motion picture audience is that 65 percent of it is under the age of 30. The merciless tale of the statistics continues: beginning at the age of 19, people begin to fall out of the habit of going to the movies; they still go, but less often; they pick and choose more carefully, acting in fact as adults, and this process of going less and less to the movies is never reversed. Audience Research, Inc., has estimated that if all the people between the ages of 31 and 60 should go to the movies only once a week, the box office receipts after taxes would rise by 800 million dollars a year, and this does

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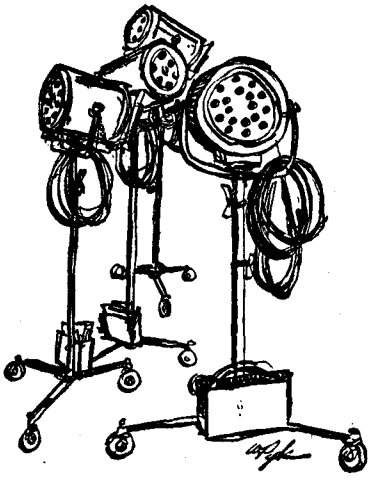
not count those between 19 and 30 who might be persuaded to go as frequently as they used to when they were younger. It has cost Hollywood a lot of money to kill off its own audience.

The basic problem, of course, is how to get the older adults without alienating people under nineteen. The solution is not so simple for the screen as for the radio. One virtue of the radio is its fragmentation. By twisting a knob or pushing a button, the auditor can choose from a wide variety of programs. By contrast, the screen is damned by its indivisibility. A theatre has only one bill at a time; once you buy your ticket your choice is over. We haven't yet found a way to organize on a sound financial basis theatres for various types of moviegoers.

Yet the screen has one important advantage over the radio, and this lies in the very fact that the film patron can't tune out a picture if he finds he doesn't like it. He can leave his seat, but he will also have to leave his money in the box office, and that is a deterrent. As a result, the moviegoer gains experience that the radio listener misses. By a reversal of Gresham's law, the good movie tends in the long run to drive out the bad. The high-school boy may not enjoy "The Grapes of Wrath" or "How Green Was My Valley" as much as he had hoped, but if he is subjected to enough pictures above his intellectual or emotional level, that level will rise. He will find less satisfaction in the kind of melodrama he used to like. His taste can improve, and the screen can improve, too—slowly but surely.



BOOKS IN REVIEW

FANNING THE FIRE

THE EMBERS STILL BURN, by Ira A. Hirschmann (Simon and Schuster; $3).

THOSE WHO NEVER gave any love to Franklin Roosevelt insist that we lost the peace on the vodka tables of Teheran and Yalta; those who still believe that Roosevelt knew what he was doing claim that the peace is being lost in the miasma of double-talk, hypocrisy and shortsightedness that have frequently characterized our conduct of foreign affairs since V-E Day. One of the most persuasive and eloquent of this latter dwindling group is Ira Hirschmann, who has set down his first-hand observations, together with some criticisms of our policy, in *The Embers Still Burn.*

This is a hard-jabbing, furious little book, but one which, unfortunately, will not land any convincers on the stubborn chins of the current crop of Washington heavyweights. And, to be fair, such is not Hirschmann's intent. He wants to convey—to as many of us as possible—the frightening evidence he accumulated in postwar Europe as personal envoy of the late Fiorello LaGuardia.

A liberal businessman who has allowed himself to be roped into public service on several occasions, Hirschmann carried out on-the-spot surveys of DP conditions for the then UNRRA chief. He learned with anger and amazement just how quickly we were rebuilding Germany. He was horrified at the implacable anti-Soviet attitudes so quickly accepted by our diplomatic and journalistic representatives. He was shocked to discover how our policies fanned the embers of fascism; and, in short, he became convinced we were treading a path that could lead only to a pointless and disastrous war.

Returning from his second trip, Hirschmann made a verbal report to LaGuardia early in 1947. It sums up quickly most of the basic points in his book:

> Fiorello, what I saw in Europe explains why our government killed UNRRA and then your international relief plan. Obviously, if the East and West are to be divided, there can be no real or effective coöperation of nations; that's why the Polish, Baltic, Ukrainian and Yugoslavian Displaced Persons were propagandized not to return to their countries; that's why that Rosmarek group let out such a howl when you set up the sixty-day ration plan. . . . Denazification and demilitarization of industry in Germany are a farce, and the Germans know it. I could sense a dangerous rise in the German nationalistic spirit ever since last June. The Germans quietly smirk at our "crocodile tears" for the Jewish Displaced Persons—and small wonder, when they see our policy shows more concern for the Nazis than the Jews!

To men like Hirschmann and LaGuardia, UNRRA was "the last hope of collective security." The author's most significant charge is that the US and Britain sabotaged UNRRA: not a startlingly new accusation, but one that cannot be shrugged off when it is made by an American official who saw the international relief operation on the inside and outside. In this instance, as elsewhere, Hirschmann lashes out with his own viewpoint, leaving himself wide open for a counterattack on his lack of "telling-both-sides" objectivity.

It's a shame that at $3 this book will probably be bought only by those who already agree with it. It would be a good omen for 1949 if its publishers invested some of their profits from *The Shmoo* in bringing out Hirschmann's urgent message as a dollar or even as a *quarter* book. Then it might knock over more of the Red straw men in our minds. Even though the arguments are often sketchy and one-sided, the book might convince a few people that not *every* failure at international

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coöperation can be blamed on the Russians.

For the jacket of the inexpensive edition I would recommend as a legend these words from Hirschmann's final page: "Our generals and our diplomats are boasting that we are not afraid of war. Better, indeed, to hear that we have permitted ourselves not to be afraid of peace."

RICHARD LAUTERBACH

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING POPULAR

ENEMIES OF PROMISE, by Cyril Connolly. Revised Edition (The Macmillan Company; $4).

LIKE MOST SCHOOLBOYS, we used to gaze at our contemporaries and wonder what they would be doing—ten, twenty, thirty years hence. What would have happened to the Witty One, the Athlete, the Esthete, the Bookworm, the Bore? What, we wondered, would have become of that thin, pale, pug-nosed Scholar whose ears alone prevented the derelict top hat from falling over the sly, humorous eyes? He was an oddity, whom the College toughs used to call "Ugly" and "Flinchface." Craving affection, he bore insults bravely. Perhaps, like Swift, he already knew that "nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution." At fifteen, by his own admission, he was "dirty, inky, miserable, untidy, a bad fag, a coward at games, lazy at work, unpopular with my masters and superiors, anxious to curry favour and yet to bully whom I dared."

Perhaps we should not have been surprised at anything he might do in later life, for at eighteen, by constantly "trying to be funny," by flattery and appeasement, arrogance and wit, by emulating Machiavelli and practising the art of mixing "enthusiasm with moral cowardice and social sense," he achieved a feat hardly more surprising than if today the editor of *Horizon* were to be invited by the Politburo to join that body in the Kremlin. Without a single athletic distinction, with not so much as a "stick-up" collar to prove that he was in Sixth Form, he got himself elected to "Pop."* Unbelievable! The triumph of the Funny Man. The Conquering Clown.

But he was a very clever clown—a learned, apolaustic buffoon who loved good food and wine only less than he loved literature and love. All through the thirties he could be seen, his figure a quivering affirmation of his tastes, sitting under the plane trees of Southern France and Spain—talking, reading, eating, writing. Having written about books for ten years, his one ambition was to write a book that would last ten more. The book he wrote to pass this test appeared in England at a most inauspicious moment —during the Munich crisis. Entitled *Enemies of Promise*, it sold "extremely badly." Yet it has survived. Now, a dreadful decade later, a revised edition (its prose touched up on the advice of Edmund Wilson) is published in this country. The ugly boy who craved recognition thirty years ago is recognized today as Cyril Connolly wherever the criticism of English literature is read.

What are the Enemies of literary Promise? Here are some: Journalism, Politics, Talk, Sex, Alcohol, Success—"the most insidious of all." To analyze these evils, Connolly divides his book into three sections and these into two dozen chapters, some of whose ironical headings—"White Samite," "The Branching Ogham," "The Slimy Mallows"—will be Greek to most Americans. The first section demonstrates, with brilliant brevity and example, what was right and wrong with the two styles of English writing prevalent in the twenties: the "Mandarin" and the "Colloquial." The Mandarins ranged from Proust, Joyce and Virginia Woolf through the Sitwells and Aldous Huxley, that "defaulting financier of the written word." The Mandarins had one quality in common, an "inflation either of language or imagination or both," a quality which led the younger generation to write as they talked, in words of one or two syllables, the commonest of which were "drink" and the conjunction, "and." The high priest of this "Vernacular" was, of course, Hemingway; and in order to reveal the division between the two styles, the one at its wordiest and wooliest, the other at its clumsiest and most facetious, Connolly quotes verbatim that passage from *Death in the Afternoon* in which the American torero thrusts the red flag under Huxley's intellectual nose—and dismisses him, for all his boldness in the ring, as one who "seems terrified to blot a line" on paper.

In the second section Connolly lashes out at Journalism, "that deadliest of . . . weeds." To illustrate its dangers he creates a character, young Mr. Shelleyblake, who is asked to review books for Mr. Vampire, editor of "The Blue Bugloss." Successful as a reviewer, Shelleyblake soon finds himself "immortalised on the dust wrapper." Before long, however, he discovers that "reviewing is a whole-time job with a half-time salary." Books by friends lie on his table: to review them honestly is to lose their authors' friendship; not to review them is to lose his job. For Shelleyblake, Connolly sees only one hope: to declare war on Mr. Vampire and write long reviews on subjects of "permanent value"—advice which this reviewer, for once, can swallow with a good conscience.

More dangerous to the writer than Journalism is Politics. In what way should a writer be political? By satire. Fine, but where are the Swifts of our age? Where is the David Low of literature? Where is another David Low? It's all very well to have a Waugh in our world, but we have only one Orwell, that "tall, pale [boy] with flaccid cheeks" from whom Connolly "learnt about literature" at twelve and who at eighteen was beaten by his contemporaries "for being late for prayers." To show how Politics and Success ("most poisonous in America") don't pay, Connolly relates what happened to him when he ran into

* "The Eton Society . . . an oligarchy of two dozen boys who were self-elected and could wear coloured waistcoats and cane boys of any house."

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both these Enemies by taking three trips to Spain during the Civil War:

> The first time I returned with enthusiasm and wrote . . . a popular article. The second time I came back less hopeful but . . . my articles were still successful. The third time I returned with a hopeless premonition of defeat . . . so I wrote a depressing article [which] made me immensely unpopular.

The third section of *Enemies of Promise*—written purposely in a style combining the Colloquial and the Mandarin—is devoted to the author's "Georgian Boyhood," and made the book so unpopular at Eton that it was "thrown out." Such treatment by so ancient and dignified an institution is surprising and not very sensible, for no wiser or wittier account of a Colleger's career is ever likely to be written. Had I a son, whether destined for Eton, Dalton or the dogs, I would place a copy of *Enemies of Promise* in his hands at an early age. For this book is an education, a warning, an encouragement, a preparation for the literary life written by a man who, through analyzing himself unsparingly, has analyzed us all, who has lived on intimate terms with all the evils of which he speaks, who has gazed into the face of Despair and saved his soul alive by sheer honesty, humor and convulsions of hard work. JAMES STERN

James Stern, Irish born and Eton educated, is the author of The Heartless Land, Something Wrong *and* The Hidden Damage, *and editor of a complete edition of* Grimm's Fairy Tales.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD, by James Bryant Conant (The Harvard University Press; $3).

PRESIDENT CONANT of Harvard differs from most writers about education in two important respects. He is one of the first natural scientists of stature to direct a great educational enterprise. He has also been drawn more deeply into the wartime business of his country than perhaps any other college president. Accordingly, his point of departure is the existing national situation and his methods are empirical. The war didn't turn out as we had hoped. We face a long armed truce with a nation once our ally; and if we estimate the causes of the dispute aright we shall see that whereas America has faith in the worthiness and creative ability of the individual, Russia has renounced this belief. Therewith our strength is made to depend on our social commitment to our creed, and education is the process through which this commitment becomes an effective social reality.

If these premises are granted (I shall not question them here, though I do not wholly assent to them), it follows that education is the country's most important business and that the profits to be expected from it can be defined in advance. For we shall have spiritual money in the bank only if we succeed in teaching our national creed. This creed, Dr. Conant thinks, has grown out of our traditions and our experience. To its major doctrines almost every American assents. We do not, for example, share the Russian unconcern for individual human lives. It follows, Dr. Conant contends, that education should enrich itself by studying historically the genesis and nature of the American faith. But it should not get into discussions which "obscure the unity of our culture." Since Catholics, Protestants and Jews are prone to argue about the character and scope of ethical standards and teachings, the thing to do is to remove such considerations from education while nevertheless somehow understanding that our American creed is founded on a "Hebraic-Christian tradition."

To be sure, Dr. Conant is very careful about freedom. He does not fear radicals and dissenters in our midst, because our faith is so good that it will triumph over the opposition in a free market. I confess that I do not quite see what would happen if the number of dissenters somehow became formidable, and "every American" no longer believed in the things he now professes. Might it not then be necessary to import a little of the "Hebraic-Christian" point of view to buttress our orthodoxy? In short, to make the family tree of our ideas somewhat clearer to the naked eye, must not the history of ideas be far broader than Dr. Conant thinks?

At any rate, it follows from what has been said that equality of educational opportunity must be assured. We have provided it here and there, but he is wholly correct in stating that the farm boy and the small-town girl have the cards stacked against them. I am not at all sure that in this respect we have done as well as the British and the Europeans. Despite what an educational commission wrote somewhat hastily about Germany, it may be that the percentage of university graduates whose education had been subsidized was larger in that country, prior to Hitler, than it was here. We have a long way to go in this matter, and Dr. Conant argues the case admirably. Discrimination against minorities is, as he says, a farcical betrayal of American principle. Yet it does not follow that we can with impunity postpone a rigorous selection of those whose higher education is to be financed.

Those portions of the book that deal with how the several disciplines are to serve the central purpose of education are terse and brilliant. Dr. Conant's analysis of much loose talk about the "scientific method" and what it can do for you is a masterly job of debunking which ought to get the widest possible reading. By comparison, what he writes concerning the "Humanities" is hesitant and tentative. The trouble really isn't, I think, that we are still teaching a hypothetical English country gentleman a little about art, poetry and Plato. It is rather that we have forgotten what our texts are and what we wish to do with them. What Dr. Conant has to say about the social sciences will get him into a good deal of hot water, but it is fine, sturdy stuff and more power to him.

There is a concluding chapter about the "Armed Truce." Dr. Conant holds that we squeezed past Hitler and Tojo with less room to spare than a citizen has in a New York subway. He also feels that we have now stepped into

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the ring with another formidable adversary, whom we shall have to study carefully if we are to escape being knocked out. But above all he believes that we must go on an intellectual diet and keep training. No doubt he is quite right. My difficulty is that I have lingering suspicions about the adequacy of the gloves he proposes we should learn to wield. GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Dr. George N. Shuster is president of Hunter College of the City of New York.

THE WORLD VIEW

BASIC WRITINGS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. Edited, with an Introduction, by Whitney J. Oates (Random House; 2 vols., boxed; $10).

THESE VOLUMES contain Saint Augustine's *Confessions* and twelve representative treatises, besides a major portion of *The City of God* and *On the Trinity*. They will inevitably be valuable as reference books for students, and it is unfortunate, therefore, that they don't contain *The City of God*, at least, complete. But such collections have their limitations, and anyone interested in the subject will be grateful that so much material has been gathered from sources remote or inaccessible to the general reader.

It is as difficult to account for the importance, variety and richness of this collection as it has been for his innumerable commentators to define Augustine himself. All that can be done here is to suggest several points. In his introduction, Whitney J. Oates writes: "Saint Augustine's monumental figure appears at that point in history when finally all the diverse sources of the ancient world had come together into a cultural amalgam." The Hebraic and Christian traditions were superimposed on the Græco-Roman culture, and in Saint Augustine, almost alone among the early Fathers to take all knowledge, sacred and secular, for his province, these influences were most brilliantly and conspicuously combined. But it was an amalgam, Oates continues, "which was destined to disintegrate, or at least to be transmuted, almost at the moment of its formation."

Augustine lived in the twilight of the Empire; when he died in the North African city of Hippo, in 430, the Vandals were besieging the city and laying waste to that country in a pillage from which it has never recovered. So Augustine occupies a peculiar position between two periods, as a kind of bridge from the ancient world to the Middle Ages. Christopher Dawson has written: "Although the secular culture of the ancient city passed away with the city itself, the patrisic culture lived on in the Church. The course of studies which Saint Augustine had described in his treatise *On Christian Doctrine* became the programme of the monastic schools. . . . Thanks to the work of the Fathers and of their age, the medieval world never entirely lost touch with the tradition of ancient civilization." Augustine, of course, was the greatest theologian of the Church until Thomas Aquinas. Further, his major work, *The City of God*, by relating the state and society to Christian principles, profoundly influenced European social thought. To quote Dawson again, by "seeking the principle of social order in the human will," Augustine "first made possible the ideal of a social order resting upon the free personality and a common effort towards moral ends."

The writing most familiar to the general reader and that which best serves as an introduction to Augustine is his *Confessions*. It is not merely that it is a fascinating personal document (with what figure of comparable stature are we so familiar?) or even that Augustine's most subtle psychological contribution, his analyses of memory and the will, are found here elaborated. In this book his habits of thought and modes of argument are best exemplified. It was natural for him to see the universal in the particular and to hold both in his mind simultaneously. Maurice Blondel has written: "Augustine is at once the master of the inner life in its most sacred recesses and the doctor of history embracing in a glance the whole scheme of history." So it is characteristic that from his own life, as an ex-

"The master-key to the Russian enigma.

"The book you must read if you want to know what Communism is."

—Saturday Review

Lenin

A Biography

By David Shub

Prof. Hans Kohn, N. Y. Times Book Review: "One of the very few books of recent years absolutely indispensable to the student of contemporary history and of international relations, of Russia and of social revolution. At the same time, it is so full of historic drama, of incredible figures, of the Czar's secret police, of plots stranger than fiction, that it will fascinate the general reader."

Norman Thomas: "Mr. Shub's remarkable new biography of Lenin seems to me an outstanding performance . . . I hope that readers will realize that it has a significance for them and for our times."

The New Yorker: "A straightforward and apparently unbiased biography by a man who knew Lenin."

Joseph Newman, The New Republic: "An impressive, relatively objective and often fascinating work. . . . A useful contribution to an understanding of Russia and the Russians."

Dwight MacDonald, Politics: "A formidable job of scholarly muckracking. No book in English has its rich documentation (drawn entirely from Russian sources). . . . The book is of capital importance for the tremendous amount of new and sensational material it presents."

Prof. M. Karpovich, Harvard University: "By far the best and the most fully documented biography of Lenin as yet available in any language."

Prof. George S. Counts: "The most illuminating work on the Russian Revolution and the whole course of Soviet development that I have ever read."

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perience of the human conscience, he formulates (as Oates puts it) "what, according to Christianity, man's inner response to the challenge of the human predicament should *always* be."

Of Saint Augustine's philosophy, it may simply be said here that his writings were occasional, usually polemics against heresy. His is not a complete system of rational ideas in the Thomistic sense, for instance. The editor writes: "It is rather a world view or a 'universe view,' one which comprehends God and all of reality from the highest order down to its most insignificant details in their manifold and complex connections." That is why most Augustinians are not followers of Augustine, but have taken his germinal ideas and branched off to form "systems" of their own.

The selections are excellently arranged, with brief introductory notes in addition to a general introduction and footnotes. There are three indexes. These handsome volumes, reasonably priced, are companions to the *Basic Writings of Saint Thomas Aquinas* which Random House published some time ago.

JOHN FARRELLY

ON THE AIR: Critic's Holiday

WHEN THE GOING gets very rough, I darken my television screen, set my radio to frequency modulation, and relax. A few years ago, FM was hopefully named radio's "second chance," a label applied by the same Charles A. Siepmann whom I mentioned a couple of weeks ago as author of a new pamphlet on the radio listener's rights. Siepmann wrote a book advising radio that, with the coming of FM, it was being given an opportunity to right some of the mistakes made by the old-type broadcasters. The latter, however, weren't in the mood. After grabbing a far too large percentage of the FM licenses, many of the influential old-timers were seduced by television. FM could shift for itself, or die.

Television has stolen the show, but FM is still in business. There are networks serving only stations broadcasting on FM channels. One of these is Continental; another, covering much of upstate New York and New England, is Rural Radio Network. I'll return to them with details when I've heard more of their programs.

After a show like ABC's "Minstrels of 1949," on the ABC-TV network (Thursdays, eight to nine), it was good to be able to turn to FM. In New York, we're lucky; we can find excellent music at almost any hour on WQXR and on the municipal station, WNYC, both of which rebroadcast their regular programs on FM (the city outlet operates its FM channel until midnight, two hours after the standard transmitter has closed down). WQXR, a commercial station, edits its plugs sensibly and avoids sponsors whose products violate the station's standards of taste. WNYC carries no commercials at all. Then there is WABF, another commercial outfit, whose practices you might recommend to your local favorite.

On WABF, a sponsor cannot buy a 15-minute segment; he must take an entire evening's block of time. A symphony or a concerto is not broken up for the commercial; the piece is played to the end, and often another major work is added before the announcer brings out the product.

That "minstrel" show I mentioned earlier is a total loss. The master of ceremonies, Jack Carter, is simply no Milton Berle. "Pick and Pat," a pair of blackface men, will offend no one and interest only the antiquarians. There is a sweet Irish tenor, Jimmy Borello, who is just too sweet, and a dancer, Estelle Sloane, who would not arouse a cocktail room. Only Mary Small, the lady singer, is of Broadway caliber, but one person's talent can't keep the show going for an hour. As vaudeville, the program recalls the hometown Bijou in its decline.

Television is trying hard to match NBC's success with the Milton Berle program. Just as ABC failed with the above offering, so does CBS fail consistently, week after week, with Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town," known in shop talk as "Roast of the Town." But if no Berle challenger has developed as yet, there is an impresario new to video, Arthur Godfrey, who will build his own audience from among those who like their variety shows presented with less speed and more hominess. There are two Godfrey programs on CBS-TV now. One is his "Talent Scouts," taken over from radio. Without the star's warm personality, it would be a bore on television, although it's good listening if you enjoy pretending to be a scout. It lasts a half-hour (Mondays at 8:30).

The full, sixty-minute video program (Wednesdays, eight to nine) is all Godfrey. To be sure, there are other performers. One of these, a singer named Jeanette Davis, seemed frightened on the première, so we reserve judgment. The crooner, Bill Lawrence, will probably be the darling of every female within reach of a television screen. Archie Bleyer's orchestra blends with Godfrey's chattiness; so does a quartet, "The Mariners." But Godfrey himself is the show. He takes things easy, drawing into the act everybody—this includes the cameraman—who has anything to contribute.

Instead of running mad all over the place like Berle, he sits quietly most of the time. When he does horn in on an aide's act, it is done in neighborly fashion. Berle drags the home viewer off to the night club; Godfrey drops around to your house like an amiable uncle. There is room on video for both personalities, and between them television's requirements for variety entertainment are well met. I hope some of the other entrepreneurs will quit competing now, and try to invent a different format.

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Radio's Sunday night, now that Hooper's people have had more than one opportunity to test popularity, belongs to CBS. NBC's old advantage was broken when Jack Benny deserted and Edgar Bergen took a walk. After Fred Allen was moved to Bergen's old Sunday-at-eight time, NBC made a quick deal with the Screen Directors Guild for a new, half-hour dramatic program at 8:30. It's Lux Radio Theatre cut in half—not only in time but in quality as well. Since I have always found the touted Lux production shallow, I'm afraid that's faint praise.

NBC is working hard, but it is still short on invention. It's hoping to build a new program around Henry Morgan and is also angling for ABC's "Theatre Guild on the Air." If ABC loses that one it will really be mad, since CBS has just snatched Bing Crosby from ABC. Maybe, before this battle is over, someone will think of a better way than raiding to improve radio.

NBC's parent, the Radio Corporation of America, seems to have taken more than one licking from Columbia. I mentioned here recently the RCA-Victor plans to bring out a record timed at playing 45 revolutions per minute to compete against Columbia's 33-1/3 r.p.m. disc. Victor's trump card was the additional fact that its new record is only seven inches in diameter, but Columbia came out three days before the Victor unveiling with a platter the same size, playing at the slower speed.

My report predicted that things were going to be still more complicated for the phonograph owner, and named Mercury as the firm that is probably planning to issue records at a fourth speed. John Hammond of Mercury assures me this is untrue. Mercury's slow-speed record is geared to Columbia's 33-1/3, which makes the lineup two against one. But Victor has an extremely formidable catalogue, and perhaps there may be some way to arbitrate this war. How about calling in James Caesar Petrillo?

SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: In Praise of Tin-Pan

SAID SAMUEL GOLDWYN to choreographer George Balanchine, "I'd like you to do something modern." "But the modern is so old-fashioned," said Balanchine to Samuel Goldwyn.

"Along Fifth Avenue" (at the Broadhurst) is not a "modern" revue. It is a kind of miniature Winter Garden musical—if you are old enough to know what that means. It is also a little like "Make Mine Manhattan"—that is to say, a real Broadway show (celebrating not Fifth Avenue so much as the "eternal" Great White Way) with a touch of old vaudeville and burlesque, more raffish than witty, hard but not ungenial, vulgar but not unattractive. I prefer it to many of its more educated kin. After all, Broadway stylishness and sophistication are mostly brummagem. That is why shows like "High Button Shoes" and "As the Girls Go" have recently been more successful than "Love Life," "Allegro" or even "Brigadoon." Unaccustomed as I am to the practice, I predict a much longer run for "Along Fifth Avenue" than most of the notices would lead one to expect.

This revue tries to be brazenly sexy. It is an honorable effort. The decorum and respectability of the new-style musical will henceforth be discouraged by this department. Then there is a schmaltzy song called "Skyscraper Blues" with music by Gordon Jenkins which is almost pure Rumshinsky. (Rumshinsky has composed scores of scores for theatres on Second Avenue and its environs for the past forty years.) I approve of such music too: for while one cannot say that it is good, it tries to extract some juice out of the fact that its customers are sitting in a theatre, and that the theatre should be, among

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other things, a place dedicated to the preservation of sentiment. (If not there, where?) Even Oliver Smith's set for "Skyscraper Blues" is reminiscent of a similar set the same designer did for "On the Town." That set was elegantly corny; the present one is corn straight. It is as effective as its predecessor because it too tries to be warm and ingratiating rather than refined and artistic.

The best single feature in "Along Fifth Avenue" is Nancy Walker. When I saw her first in "On the Town," she frightened me. It was as if a slab of the sidewalk had risen to strike me across the face, or a taxicab in which I was riding had taken to violently eccentric dancing. Miss Walker has lost none of her wartime exuberance, but she has reduced the brutality of her attack and increased its skill. She is uproariously the wrong side of the tracks. Her comedy style is that of an irrepressible gob. There used to be men to exemplify this type of fun, but comedians still capable of it have gone out West and only Miss Walker remains to assault us with this kind of harum-scarum. Moreover, she has developed into a consummate performer; as a result even the most crushing strokes of her battering ram are so deftly delivered that we respond to her as if she were a charmer rather than a killer.

Garson Kanin's "Smile of the World" has already closed (after five performances) so that I am relieved of the painful duty of scolding the Playwrights Company (Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, Robert E. Sherwood and Kurt Weill), who produced the show, for not having pointed out to the author that his three acts of dialogue did not constitute a play. To judge by his title, Kanin was trying to say that the American proclivity to win popularity and success by always doing the most agreeable and safest thing is what often leads men who begin as rebels to deteriorate into reactionaries.

Aside from every other criticism that might be leveled against "The Smile of the World," the sorry fact remains that none of its aspects, except for the watery romance between a young liberal and the wife of a Supreme Court Justice, was set in motion or put to the test of action—dramatized. Nothing could result from this but words, and words are not Kanin's forte. HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Good for a Change

ON THE SOUND business principle of not glutting the market, J. Arthur Rank makes a practice of letting us see his new actors one by one. Now that we have become accustomed to Alastair Sim, whose ambiguous smile and insinuating voice were first noted here in "Green for Danger" and who displays the same brand of dubious charm in "Waterloo Road," Rank is gently pushing Marius Goring. But unlike Sim, who has a face that is apt to crop up in dreams and whose highly lubricated manner never changes except in degree, Goring almost effaces himself. I have seen him three times recently, twice in a week, and I'm not at all sure how old he is or what he looks like. If he were not working for Rank, he could make an inconspicuous living tagging along behind people of interest to Scotland Yard.

By and large, film actors are endowed with more face than normal people and employ pet mannerisms as persistent as tics. Even when they have enough skill or ambition to attempt characterization, their physical attributes break through the make-believe. It takes an act of will to forget for a moment that you are looking at Robinson, Tracy, Huston, Cagney, Laughton, Garfield, and they take more pains with their craft than most. Strikingly good, or bad, looks are essential to the star system (which is really the

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opposite of acting), but an unremarkable and intelligent actor like Goring must be a useful man around a studio.

In "The Red Shoes," Goring played the juvenile lead, an awkwardly callow part that he handled with minimum embarrassment. In "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" and in "Take My Life" he has more satisfactory work to do. As Mr. Perrin, in a film that is the reverse coin of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," he plays a pathetic schoolteacher who is terrorized by a sadistic headmaster and whose dream romance is destroyed by the arrival on the faculty of Mr. Trail, ex-RAF, ex-university Blue. Goring here is fusty, tiresome, pompously verbose, heartbroken. In "Take My Life," he is quiet and dangerous, a murderer who has acted once out of what seems to him necessity and is quite ready to repeat if the need arises. In this pale but still creditable copy of what Hitchcock used to do so brilliantly, he is a contained and intelligent man; he bears not the slightest resemblance to Mr. Perrin.

In neither of these films does Goring show any great depth or subtlety, for the scripts do not demand, or even permit, really distinguished work. Like a great many British pictures, like "Waterloo Road" mentioned above, they are sound program numbers. Their rather banal plots are built up by fine attention to detail, by a love for verisimilitude if not for more important truth. They set out to beguile you, not to excite or tire or really move you, and they achieve their purpose admirably. But Goring, if only because he shows the now rare gift of acting like an actor in these rather shallow roles, makes you wonder if he wouldn't be very good indeed in an opportunity of more substance.

Hollywood is still in the grip of the psyche, currently with special reference to the deplorable effect of a guilty conscience on native intelligence. In "Act of Violence," Van Heflin, who before the picture opens has been the passive agent of a mass murder, is hunted by a limping nemesis (Robert Ryan). "The Accused" supposes that Loretta Young, having killed a would-be rapist, would proceed to cover her deed by the clumsiest subterfuge. Both Heflin and Miss Young display an exaggerated reluctance to confide in the police, but if you accept this basic stupidity their subsequent adventures are engrossing.

The merit of these two films, and both of them are better than fair, lies in the same kind of character construction and factual detail that distinguish the run of British imports. Heflin's portrayal of a respectable citizen desperately trying to suppress a shameful episode in his past is both convincing and moving. Loretta Young's characterization of a neurotic on the verge of a breakdown is much more demanding and she is a bit too automatic to be plausible, but Robert Cummings as her protector and Wendell Corey as the detective play their supporting roles with style and thoughtfulness.

Neither movie is going to electrify the nation, but at least they support Hollywood's often empty boast of being the entertainment industry.

It's been a long while since the screen offered a good sea romance and the title and advertising of "The Wake of the Red Witch" seemed to promise some welcome blue-water heroics. But after a bit of satisfactory brutality and heavy weather in the opening scenes, the picture runs aground on dialogue and nonsense.

John Wayne, who puts an early end to the seafaring by scuttling the ship he commands (never mind why), appears here as almost pure Weismuller. He saves a native boy from a killer clam, wrestles an octopus, is adopted as a god by some local islanders, tosses an adversary into the sacrificial fires and survives intact an explosion that reduces a small schooner to driftwood. He is also pursued by ill-starred love for Gail Russell, and is subject to fits of morbid suspicion when drinking. It's astonishing that so active a man can seem so dull.

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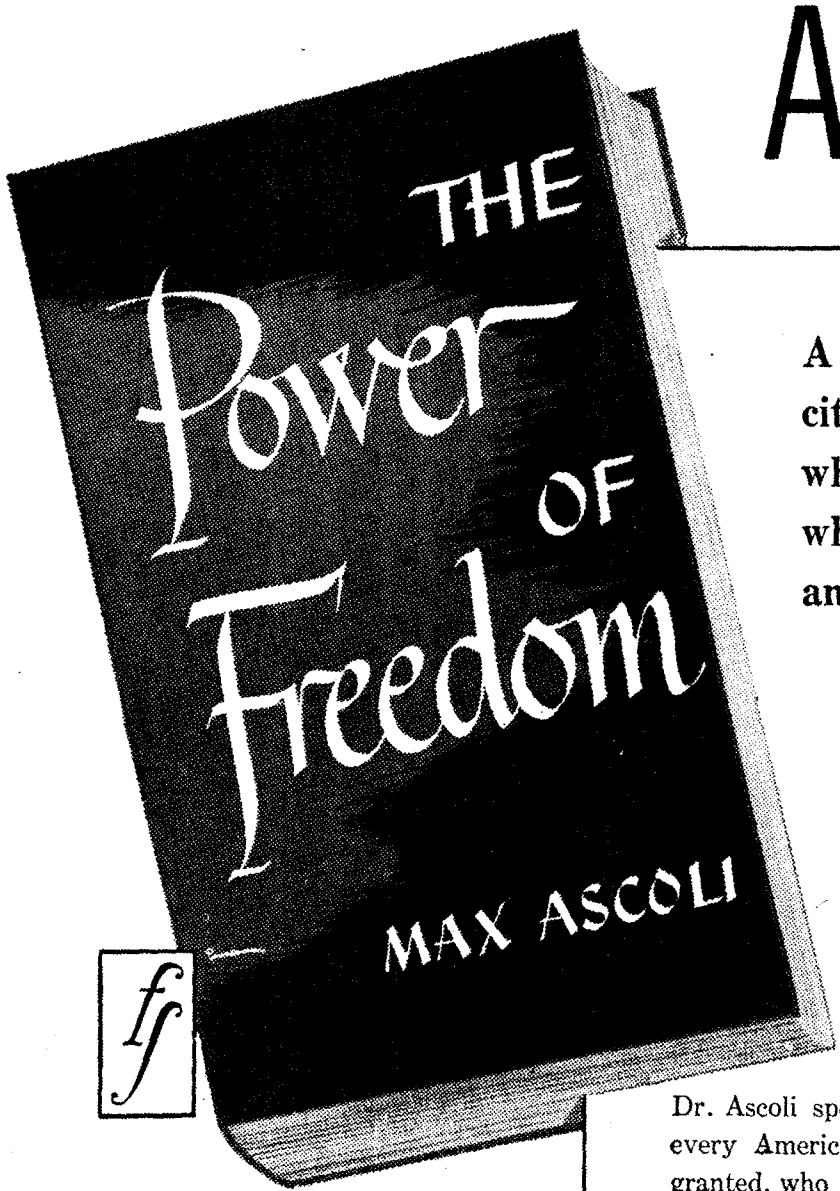

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